

FINDING NEW HOMES IN CANADA



94



THE ARRIVAL OF UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

From a painting by Henry Sandham, R.C.A.

Highroads of Canadian History Series—Book Two.

FINDING NEW HOMES IN CANADA

By

EDWIN C. GUILLET

and

JESSIE E. McEWEN

TORONTO :

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, LIMITED

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BOOKS BY EDWIN C. GUILLET:

EARLY LIFE IN UPPER CANADA

THE GREAT MIGRATION

THE LIVES AND TIMES OF THE PATRIOTS

TORONTO: FROM TRADING POST TO GREAT CITY

BOOKS BY JESSIE E. MCEWEN:

THE BLUE FLY CARAVAN

SHORT STORIES OF GREAT LIVES

A PICTURE HISTORY OF CANADA (IN COLLABORATION WITH KATHLEEN
MOORE)

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PREFACE

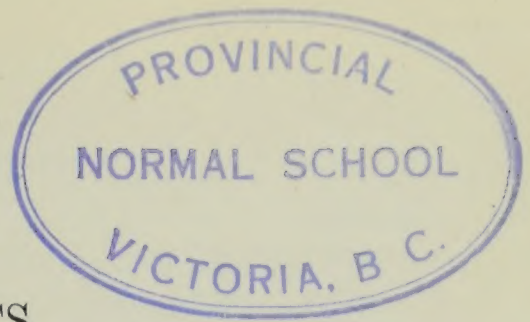
Do you ever wish that you had lived long, long ago? Do you sometimes think, when you are on your way to school, that it would be fun to talk to a boy or girl who went to school in Canada a hundred or two hundred, or even three hundred years ago? What would you say to them, and what would they say to you? You would show them your school books, and perhaps you would try to read out of theirs. Yes, I think it would be fun, and a very good education for you, too.

Perhaps sometimes when you have been on a hike you have come to a hill-top and have looked down from it at a pretty farmyard below, a house of white frame or stone, a barn with a pitch roof and an orchard all darkly green and white in the warm spring sun. And as you have looked, you have wondered whose home it first was. Did boys and girls live there hundreds of years ago? Surely they must have. Or perhaps on your summer holidays you have found a woodland path with shrubs and bushes overhanging it, and, as you have picked your way along it, you have pretended that you were a Canadian pioneer going along a blazed trail to your first Canadian home.

I am quite sure you have done this, for Canadian boys and girls are fond of playing pioneers, as indeed

they should be, for the vast majority of them are the children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-great-grandchildren of pioneers, and from their babyhood Canadian boys and girls have heard tales of dauntless men and women who endured untold misery that they and their descendants might win secure and comfortable homes in the new land. Let me name but a few of the young pioneers about whom I am quite sure you have read—the young Heberts who were the first children to live in what is now the city of Quebec, the gallant Madeline de Vèrcheres, who defended her home against the Indians, the Baby Lajimodière who was stolen by the Indians of the Prairie, and the first little girl to be born in the settlement that grew into Ottawa, the capital of Canada.

Now in this book you are to read of the settlement of Canada and of some of those who built new homes in this country. You will find it a brave tale, full of adventure and great courage; a record of perseverance, strife, bitterness, splendid friendships, defeats and victories, and the tale will be all the finer for being true.



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CHAPTER I

THE VIKINGS

The first people who came to the shores of this continent were not English, nor were they French. They were Vikings who came from the "viks" of Scandinavia. They were short, strong men, with broad shoulders and very big arms. They had flaxen hair and eyes as blue as the sea they sailed. Their voices were deep and loud, for more often than not they had to make themselves heard above the roar of the ocean, and when they sang, the tunes they followed had the lap of paddles or the beating of waves in them. Stern fellows they were, with courage as strong as their mighty arms.

About the year 874 the Vikings colonized Iceland, and a hundred years later Eric the Bold after he had been outlawed fled to Greenland, where he and his followers built the town of Brattahild. Now Eric the Bold had sons as brave as he, and one of them was Leif, who was called "Lucky" because in all his voyages, some to Iceland and Norway and some to the coast of Ireland, he had fared well. Moreover, when he had gone to Norway bearing allegiance to the king, he was looked on with great favour at the court, and he brought words of kindness to his father from King Olaf Tryggvason, who had been especially pleased with

him because he had promised to act as a Christian missionary in Greenland.

When Leif came home in the autumn of the year 1000, the people of Battahild were talking of the report made to them by Bjarni Herjulyvsson who had been driven out of his course in a voyage from Norway to Greenland. Bjarni said that he had sighted three lands which he thought no Norseman had seen before. He had not gone ashore because he was anxious to get home before the storms of winter.

When Leif heard this he resolved to go in search of these lands, and no sooner had he spoken his resolve than thirty-five men said they would join his expedition. An account of the discoveries made on that journey has been found in an Icelandic geography written about 1159. This, in part, is what is written:

“South of Greenland lies Helluland, next comes Markland, and not very far from these lies Vinland the Good, which some believe to be connected with Africa. . . . Leif the Lucky first discovered Vinland, and he rescued some merchants whom he found in the sea in great danger.”

Although Leif and his men went to the shores of Helluland and Markland they did not leave their boat, for these lands they did not like, the first because of its flat rocks and mountains, and the other because of its miles of white beach. Moreover, they were eager to find the land that Bjarni had told them had grapevines and grain. When they came to it they called it

Vinland, and were so greatly pleased with it that they decided to build a house and stay there for the winter. They rejoiced in everything they saw in this land, the dew on the grass, the salmon in the river, bigger than any they had ever seen before, the ripening grain that they thought was self-sown and the dark, rich grapes that hung on the vines.

"I propose now," Leif said to his men, when their house was built, "that we divide ourselves into two groups and set about exploring this country. One half our company shall investigate the land; one half shall remain at home. . . . But those who go forth to search must return home each night."

Although at first it was their intention to remain the winter in Vinland, they changed their plans for some unknown reason, and in the late summer they put out to sea for Greenland. Their ship and their after-boat were well-stored with fish and grapes and timber, and when they came home the people marvelled greatly at what they had brought. In an old book called "The Saga of Eric the Red" this is written: "Some trees were so large they were laid in houses. . . . There was much talk that they ought to seek the land which Leif had found. The leader was Thorstein Eriksson, a good man, wise and friendly."

Thorstein was Leif's brother, but he was not lucky, for he was so tossed about by storms that he had to return to Greenland, and the expedition to the new land was not undertaken until three years later when

the famous traveller, Thorfinn Karlsevne, set out with three boats and a hundred and sixty men. In "The Saga of Eric the Red" there is a stirring account of this expedition, and as it is interesting to read what is in old records, I shall give you part of it here:

" . . . They sailed away with a north wind. They were on the sea two *daegr*.¹ Then they found land . . . and on its shores many flat stones so large that two men might lie stretched sole to sole upon them. There were many white foxes there."

This land they knew to be the Helluland Leif had described to them, Land of Flat Stones, and they sailed away from it to Markland, which no doubt was Newfoundland, where they saw red deer and polar bears. After several more days they came at last to Vinland, which probably was Nova Scotia. There they cast anchor, and Karlsevne sent out two runners to bring him a report of the land.

"And when three days were past they came running back, and one of them had grapes in his hand and the other self-sown wheat, and Karlsevne said they seemed to have found a fertile country. . . There were so many birds there that one could hardly put one's foot between the eggs. . . They unloaded the ship and established themselves there. They had with them all kinds of cattle and sought to make use of the land. There were mountains there and fair was the prospect. They did

¹*daegr*—12 hours.

nothing else but search out the land. There was much grass."

Because they had been so engrossed in this rich, new land Karlsevne and his men had taken no thought of the winter. When it closed in upon them their stores of food were low, and they found that even the fish had grown scarce. It was a sad time they had, and their misery was deepened when they found that their huntsman Thorhall was bent on quarrelling with Karlsevne. When spring came at last he with nine others left the party, and as they prepared to go Thorhall sang this lay:

"Let us go homeward
Where we shall find countrymen;
Let us with our ship seek
The broad way of the sea,
While the hopeful warriors
Who praise the land
Stay and boil whales' flesh."

After Thorhall had gone, Karlsevne and his remaining men sailed a little south and found the country richer than that which they had left. Again I quote from the ancient record:

"There they found self-sown wheat fields, where the land was low but vines wherever they saw heights. As every brook was full of fish, they dug trenches on the shore below high-water mark, and when the tide went out, there were halibuts in the trenches. In the forests there was great quantity of beasts of all

kinds. . . Early one morning, when they looked about them, they saw nine hide-boats, and wooden poles were being waved on the boats, making noise like threshing-flails and they moved with the sun. Karlsevne's men took this to be a token of peace and bore a white shield towards them. Then the strangers rowed towards them, and wondered, and came ashore. They were small (or black) men, and ugly and they had ugly hair; their eyes were big and they were broad across the cheeks. They stayed there awhile, and wondered, then rowed away and went south of the headland."

This is the first meeting recorded in history between the natives of America and those of Europe. So far as the story goes it was peaceful, if not friendly. Certainly Karlsevne had no cause to fear, for he and his men built themselves houses in this southern part and put their cattle to pasture, and were able to leave them in pasture all the winter. The old sagas are fascinating, so I shall quote from them again:

"When spring came, they saw early one morning a number of hide-boats rowing from the south, so many that it seemed as if the sea had been sown with coal, and wooden poles waved from every boat. . . The Norsemen then set up a market, and the people wanted most to buy red cloth, and they paid for it with untanned skins. Trade was moving briskly when an untamed bull which Karlsevne had ran bellowing from the

woods. The Skraelings¹ were so frightened that they ran to their boats and went away."

In three weeks they were back, a great multitude of them, and this time there was no doubt of their attitude. They came with red shields and with catapults, and they leapt from their boats and began fighting. Karlsevne's men were so frightened that they ran to the crags and hid. One among them, a woman called Freydis, tried to rally them, but her words, "Wherefore do ye run away from such wretches, ye gallant men?" could not spur them to action. They cowered in fear until the natives, feeling jubilant, sailed away. And very soon afterward, Karlsevne and his men prepared to sail for their own country.

Now this that has been set down here is taken, as I have said before, from ancient records and sagas, and one cannot be at all sure that they are correct. Many historians, and among them the explorer Nansen, think that these sagas are little more than fiction, yet Nansen and several others were of the opinion that there must have been actual encounters. He believed that the description of the market must have been drawn from experience. He expressed the opinion, too, that the ancient game of lacrosse, played by so many Indian tribes, was introduced to them by Norsemen. In this he is supported by another historian, Hertzberg, but historians are in agreement over very little more.

¹Indians.

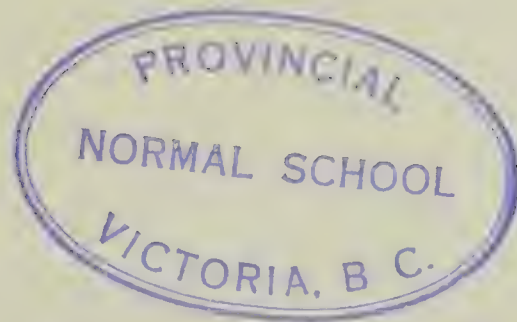
Some think there were five voyages; others think there were but two. The majority, however, agree that Vinland is now Nova Scotia and that it extended to what is now the New England States.

But true or not, these old tales make a fine, romantic beginning for our history, do they not? If ever you go to the town of Yarmouth in Nova Scotia be sure to see the great stone that is in their Public Library. On its smooth surface characters that are thought to be Norse "runes" are cut. They have been translated as "Harka's son addressed the men", and according to a saga there was one Harka or Haki with Karlsevne.

No doubt other Vikings followed the course of Karlsevne over the Atlantic, but the old records are vague about such voyages. This is natural, for in the early years of the thirteenth century the peoples of the north, that is of Norway, Iceland, and Greenland, were overtaken by a violent plague. They died by tens and hundreds, and it is not to be wondered at that records were forgotten in the ensuing misery. It would not be surprising either if voyages of exploration were abandoned, for with the devastation wrought by death, the incentive to explore and colonize would be gone.

But perhaps the adventures and discoveries of the Norsemen were not forgotten entirely, for surely when the Indians gathered about their camp-fires they talked of the strange pale-faces who had come to their shores years and years before. They must have become a fascinating legend, for there is no record of white

men visiting the shores of America for nearly five hundred years. Can you not imagine how the stories would be told by father to son for many generations, and with each telling the Norsemen would become bigger and stronger and the Indians braver and braver, and their victory over the pale-faces, with each succeeding generation, a mightier triumph? What a splendid tale it must have been, and perhaps little Indian boys told each other at their play what they would do when white men came again to their shores.



CHAPTER II

FIRST DAYS IN ACADIA

Years passed, and in their passing the desire that burns in men's minds to search out new places, to find what lies hidden beyond the horizon or over the hill-top or at the foot of the rainbow, sprang to a glowing flame in Europe. Christopher Columbus was not the first to sail out into the Atlantic, but it was the tale of his exploits that caused hundreds of others to set out on expeditions. But before Columbus and the Cabots thought of finding a new way to India and China, Basque fishermen from the country on the Bay of Biscay may have found the New World. They were found on the coasts of Labrador and Nova Scotia and in the St. Lawrence by Cartier and Champlain. Fish, not new land for homes, was their purpose, however, and they left no impress on the shores that furnished them with a living. Their records are as vague as those of the Norsemen. From them one gets the impression that these sturdy men of the Pyrennees' slopes were wholly unaware that the land stretched beyond the shores. They wanted nothing more of it than fresh water for cleaning their fish before drying. Once their high-pooped ships were well packed with fish they slipped away from the country, leaving no mark on it,



THE FIRST REPRESENTATION OF THE PEOPLE OF THE NEW WORLD.

From a woodcut published between 1497 and 1504. The only copy known is in the British Museum.

and carrying few if any tales of it with them. They naturally kept secret where they found good fishing.

The Cabots

Probably the first explorer to reach the coast of what is now Eastern Canada after the Norsemen had left was the Italian sea-captain, John Cabot, who sailed under the auspices of Henry the Seventh of England. You know the story of Cabot's expedition; he sailed with his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sanctus, in the year 1497, and his course took him near Iceland. He followed the track of Leif the Lucky and

landed probably on Cape Breton Island. When the Cabots returned to England their stories of the new land caused such excitement that the king gave John Cabot a fleet of six ships and three hundred men and sent him out again the next year.

The people of Bristol, where the Cabots lived in England, and from which they sailed, waited eagerly for their return, expecting that this time they would come home with a rich cargo of silks and spices from India and China. When they came with nothing more interesting than codfish and with stories of the miles of sandy beaches they had seen, the people lost interest in them. They were not given any more commissions by the king, and for eighty years no Englishmen attempted exploration in the New World.

The French Try to Colonize

Although the failure of the Cabots to discover Oriental treasures caused Englishmen to lose interest in westward sailing, it did not have that effect in other countries of Europe. In France, for instance, there was talk of colonizing this new world that seemed to be on the way from Europe to Asia, and as that country was then faced with the problem of knowing what to do with the people herded in her prisons, it was decided to try to set up a penal settlement in the New World. So, in the year 1518, the Baron de Lery sailed from France with a party of convicts and some cattle



JACQUES CARTIER AND THE REDSKINS.

and swine. He sailed late, and his passage was made doubly miserable by tempestuous storms and discontent among his passengers. He did not reach the Nova Scotian coast until the late autumn, much too late to build houses. There was nothing for him to do, therefore, but take his turbulent and fearful people home, and this he did after he had put his cattle and swine ashore at Canso and Sable Island.

Eighty years later (1598) the untamed descendants of de Lery's cattle provided food for sixty convicts, put ashore there by the Marquis de la Roche, who had brought them out with a view to establishing a colony in Nova Scotia. He had put the people ashore while he went on to seek a suitable place for homes, and instead of returning for them he was driven back to France by storms. They were not rescued until seven years later, when only twelve were alive to tell a tale of sickness, strife, and murder.

Others visited the shores of what is now the Maritime Provinces of Canada shortly after the failure of de Lery to establish a colony. They came not seeking new homes, but on voyages of exploration for the elusive passage to India. The greatest of these, although the names of Verrazano and Hore should be mentioned, was the pilot of St. Malo, Jacques Cartier, whose story you may read in some detail in chapter six. You know, too, that the expedition he undertook with the Sieur de Roberval in 1541, had a particularly

sad ending. They had sailed from France with the stirring command of their king, Francis I, ringing in their ears: "You must return, and on the banks of the River St. Lawrence, establish a colony, a New France beyond the Seas." That colony was to have been built, not in Acadia, but inland in what is now the province of Quebec, but it did not become a reality. "They had storehouses, but no stores; mills but no grists; an ample oven but no bread," so one historian has described their plight.

CHAPTER III

CHAMPLAIN AND THE ORDER OF GOOD TIMES

And now let us take a journey backward in time, from our own day. Back and back we go by centuries until we have come to the first years of the seventeenth century. It is little more than sixty years since Jacques Cartier and Roberval sailed from France on their ill-fated expedition of colony-building. Our backward journey has brought us to the fifteenth of March, 1604, and we with a party of some forty others are in the harbour of Havre de Grace, prepared to sail on an expedition to the New World. No doubt we would be frightened, for the ship is a tiny craft to do battle with tempestuous waves, if we did not know that our pilot is a man well-seasoned to the sea. He is Samuel de Champlain, young, ardent, and withal a renowned soldier, seaman and explorer. As the ship is swept, trembling in all its timbers, into the open ocean, we tell each other of this man Champlain's exploits. One of us says our leader, de Monts, chose Champlain because he has been to the shores of America before.

"And not only to the shores," someone else says. "He has been in Mexico, and he has explored Panama. He lived for two years in the West Indies. We're safe with him, I tell you, if we could be safe with anyone."

Then another one of the party speaks, eagerly. He knows something more of this amazing pilot. He says, "I had a conversation with *Sieur de Monts* before we left, and he tells me that *M. Champlain* was up the great river of Canada only last year. Think of that. He met Indians who tried to take him over rapids so strong that their canoes and paddles were broken. Oh, we're all right with *M. Champlain*, I assure you!"

But this is something we doubt many times, for the Atlantic is in one of its worst moods. It storms like a tiger and roars like a lion, and our fellow-passengers seem to share its wrath. They, for the most part, are thieves and ruffians from the prisons of France, and they have come, not because they wanted to, but because their king, *Henry IV*, has commanded them to help build "the New France over the Sea". At last, after many days, we draw to port on a southern coast. It is a thrilling experience to set foot on the new land. Even our ruffians and thieves are eager and happy. They set to work to build Indian houses with a will, and they laugh and jest when we are gathered together for our feast of mutton. In fact it is they who decide that the bay shall be called *Baie du Mouton*.

Did you ask how we got the mutton? It was this way. On the day we drew into this harbour the sheep broke from their pen. They ran helter-skelter like mad things over the ship, and one poor thing, intoxicated perhaps by the fresh air, leapt overboard. It was drowned and so provided us with meat for our feast.

Sieur de Monts and Champlain stayed at Mouton Bay for several weeks. The crew and the colonists hunted, and Champlain busied himself with maps and charts. Sieur de Monts spent the days in great anxiety, for on their voyage they had lost touch with their companion ship, *La Bonne Renommée*, which had on board the third leader of the expedition, Pontgravé. When they sighted *La Bonne Renommée* they joined her, and the two ships went together to a rocky island at the mouth of the St. Croix River. Here it was decided to build their settlement, and soon all hands were at work building strong shelters for the oncoming winter. Stock was taken of the food supply, and as it had diminished very much while they were in Mouton Bay, Poutrincourt, another of the leaders of the expedition, set out for France for more supplies.

Cannon were placed on the hills above the settlement, for the settlers feared the Indians. They broke the soil and planted rye. They built a chapel, a mill, and an oven. Then when all seemed secure against enemies and winter's blasts, they realized they had made a grave error in their choice of location. There was no fresh water on the island and very little wood. Their winter's diet had to be salt meat, melted snow, frozen cider and hard biscuits. It was a miserable time they had, and six men died from scurvy, though it was announced officially that they died from over-exertion in grinding corn by hand.

On the sixteenth of June, 1605, the months of tedious waiting for relief from France were over, for

Pontgravé arrived with forty men and a generous supply of food. Two days later Champlain and some of his men left the dreary island to seek a new site for a settlement. They coasted down the indented shores of what is now the State of Maine. They turned back to St. Croix, not satisfied with any place they had seen. Once there it was decided that they could not spend another winter on the island, and that they would go to Port Royal where they had stopped for a very short time the summer before. Everyone set to work eagerly to help with the moving. By September all was in readiness for a comfortable winter. De Monts returned to France, but Champlain and Pontgravé remained in charge of the settlement.

The winter passed with no serious illnesses and with few murmurings of discontent. All were hopeful that the spring would show them that they had chosen well the location for their new homes—all, that is, except Pontgravé who had misgivings. Therefore, in the spring he set out to hunt for a place that had better soil and more protection from the Indians. His expedition ended in a wreck, however. He was compelled to return to Port Royal and set his men to work building new ships. The little colony prepared for another winter at Port Royal.

And what a winter it was! There was feasting and song and much merry-making, all of it due probably to a young French lawyer by the name of Marc Lescarbot. Lescarbot had been quick to realize, when he arrived with de Monts from France, that something

would have to be done to strengthen the morale of the people through the winter. With Champlain's encouragement he formed a kind of Round Table Brotherhood, called the Order of Good Times. Fifteen of the prominent men of the colony were elected members, and each in turn, became Master of the Table for one week, his duty being to provide food for all the others. Lescarbot himself remained Master of Ceremonies, and it was during this winter at Port Royal that the first play was produced in Canada. Numerous other "first things" took place. Lescarbot wrote songs and trained the settlers to sing them; perhaps the Indians, led by their ancient chief, Membertou, participated in them.

Spring brought disaster to the little colony in the form of an announcement from the king of France. He had revoked the charter he had granted to de Monts for the fur trade, and not only revoked it, but given it to de Monts' enemies. The colonists were sick with grief. Here is how Lescarbot described their sorrow and indignation: "We find a set of men full of avarice and envy who would not draw sword in the service of the king, nor suffer the slightest ill in the world for the honour of God, but who yet put obstacles in our way; . . . men who prefer to have the English and Dutch win possession of it rather than the French. . . . And it is such godless people who are listened to, who are believed, and who win their suits. *O tempora, O mores!*"

On August 11, 1607, Port Royal was abandoned and the colonists were carried back to France.

CHAPTER IV

NOVA SCOTIA

For three years Poutrincourt, a friend of de Monts and one of the leaders of the first expedition, petitioned the king for a direct grant of the land about Port Royal. At last he was successful, and in the spring of 1610 he brought a group of colonists to Port Royal. A year later his stalwart son Biencourt joined him with more settlers. For two years the crops were good; everything was looking hopeful for the colonists when trouble broke afresh. This time it came in the form of an English pirate, Samuel Argall, who had a commission from the Governor of Virginia to expel the French from Acadia. He did his work thoroughly, for he burnt Port Royal and carried off all those inhabitants who did not succeed in finding refuge in the woods with the Indians, or in making their way to Quebec.

In due time Port Royal rose from its ashes, and just here, perhaps, we should point out one significant fact. This account is not merely that of the tiny colony of Port Royal; it is a recording, very brief of course, of the first successful attempt of Europeans to build new homes in what is now Eastern Canada. At Port Royal the first vessel ever made in Canada was built and launched; the first Indians were converted

to the Christian faith, the first grain was ground in a mill. Perhaps we should add, too, that the first battle in Canada between the French and the English took place at Port Royal. A significant fact surely, for that conflict extended over a hundred and fifty years.

Port Royal lay in its ashes for nearly fifteen years after Argall's raid, and during that time few efforts were made to establish colonies anywhere else in Acadia. When interest in Acadia did revive it was not in France but in the court of England.

Would you like to take another journey backward in time? You will go to England, not to France, and everywhere you go you will hear people talking about the New World. They are saying things that surprise you very much. For instance, one man will tell you that the English own all of the land that the French call Acadia. "It is true," he says proudly, "for did not our own Master Cabot go there and claim it for our king? Of course he did, and he was there before anyone else, too."

Suppose you go to the king's castle. The king, his courtiers and advisers are likely talking of the New World, just as the common people are. The king, who is the Scottish James I, is trying to hit on a suitable plan for taking possession of the land he considers to be his. At last he has a scheme that suits him well; he will give all that territory called Acadia to one of his favourites, Sir William Alexander of Minstrie. On a certain day you may stand with a throng of richly

dressed lords and ladies and hear the king say these words: "This land is yours for trade and exploration. It is to be called, not New Scotland, but Nova Scotia, in honour of the language which I love dearly."

Sir William Alexander was proud of his vast new domain, and well he might have been, for it was bigger by far than all his native Scotland. He was so eager to profit from his new possessions that he borrowed money to fit out an expedition. I would not advise you to take passage on that ship, however, for it met with such fierce storms that it had to go home. A similar fate met the next expedition, but in 1628 Sir William did succeed in establishing a small colony at Port Royal. It was a pitiful, frightened cluster of people that he set down there. If you have chosen to travel with them you will know that they were quite ignorant of farming, that even if they had known they did not have the necessary tools, and that they were too frightened of the Indians to go into the fields. They clung together like babes in the woods, and it must have been the happiest day of their lives when they heard read to them the English king's proclamation recalling them to England. Once more Acadia belonged to France.¹

¹In 1631 by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

CHAPTER V

THE FRENCH SETTLE ACADIA

The most powerful man in France at this time was Cardinal Richelieu, and his cousin, Isaac de Razilly, was sent as governor to Acadia in charge of a party of about sixty families. These new colonists had been chosen carefully, not from among convicts but from experienced farming families of the west of France. They liked the land around Port Royal and the Basin of Minas. The reports they sent to France were so good that friends and relatives joined them. By the year 1755, that is about one hundred and twenty-five years after the first colonists came, the population of Acadia had grown to fifteen thousand.

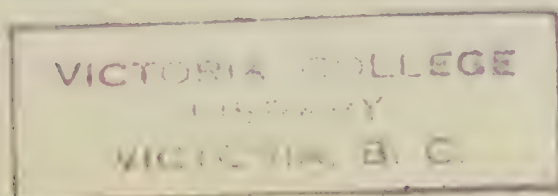
Will you look back a few pages? You will see mention made of Poutrincourt's son, Biencourt. When the French were put to flight by Argall, Biencourt, instead of returning to France, went with his friend Claude La Tour to live with the Micmac Indians. When de Razilly came with his settlers he found La Tour in possession of two forts, one which he had built, and the other he had inherited from his friend Biencourt who had died. One of La Tour's strongholds was near Port Royal where de Razilly sent his lieutenant D'Aulnay Charnisay. His other stronghold stood where now stands the city of St. John, and it, too, was

in Charnisay's territory. Little wonder, then, that bitter enmity sprang up between the two men. Charnisay resented La Tour's prosperity, and La Tour was haughtily indifferent to Charinsay's authority.

The enmity broke into open warfare in 1643 when Charnisay besieged La Tour's fort at St. John. The battle was going against him when La Tour, hidden by the fog, escaped to a ship in the harbour and made his way to Boston, where he secured aid. What a surprise it must have been to Charnisay to see La Tour, who, he thought, was starving in his fort, appear before him with five ships and a force of armed men! He fled, but he fled undefeated and soon was ready to take up the feud again. The rivalry continued with many skirmishes for nearly five years. In fact it did not end until La Tour's wife and Charnisay had met death because of it, and perhaps it would not have ended then but that La Tour married Charnisay's widow.

The courage of Madame La Tour makes one of the most splendid records in the annals of our Canadian pioneer history.

The story of La Tour and Charnisay is told here to let you see that the early colonists had more than one battle to fight. They had a bitter struggle to wrest a living from the soil and from the forest, and at the same time they were compelled to take sides in the feuds that sprang up among their leaders. Governor de Razilly had another lieutenant, Nicholas Denys, who had charge of the colonists at Port du



Rossignol and at Chedabucto, and his bitter enemy was a crafty fellow, Le Borgne, with whom he had to do battle, supported by the colonists. But despite warfare and loneliness and the misery of hunger and cold the French colony grew. In 1710, when it passed to British control, there were over two thousand French people in Acadia, not counting those who were on Cape Breton Island, which remained the one French stronghold in Acadia. After 1710, by the way, the French built a great fortress in Cape Breton; it was called Louisburg, as the king of France commanded. Its purpose, as you will understand, was to guard the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and be a protection to the fisheries.

CHAPTER VI

THE FRENCH ARRIVE AT QUEBEC

Mention has already been made of the stalwart seaman of St. Malo named Jacques Cartier who first came to the New World in 1534. His first voyage was one of exploration only; he came at the command of the king of France, who had heard a great deal about two voyages made in the name of Spain, one by Columbus, the other by Verrazano, a native of Florence.

On this voyage Cartier landed at Gaspé, where he erected a cross bearing the French coat-of-arms and the words "Vive le Roi de France—24 Juillet". The Indians feared these white men, but when they were given knives, beads, and bells they became friendly, so friendly that they were induced to go aboard the ship. Two sons of the Huron chief returned to France with Cartier and his men.

The next year Cartier came again to Gaspé, and from there, with the two Indian youths as guides, he proceeded up "the great river of Canada", the St. Lawrence, to the mouth of the Saguenay. Here a throng of Indians in birch-bark canoes welcomed him, and the Indian Chief Donnacona escorted Cartier to the village of Stadacona, built where to-day stands the city of Quebec.

From the Indians Cartier learned that there was another village some distance up the river. He was anxious to go to it, for there he might find some clues to the passage to the Orient. He might, too, find a suitable place for a settlement; he had brought a hundred and ten men with him, and some of them he wanted to leave in Canada. When Donnacona heard that he wished to go to Hochelaga he shook his head, and his face became dark with anger.

"There are evil spirits and other great dangers along the way," he said, and became very wrathful indeed when Cartier refused to pay attention to him. He had a group of Indians dress themselves in white doe-skin, blacken their faces and prance about wildly. These, he said, were the spirits come already to menace Cartier and his followers. Cartier, however, would not be kept back; he and his men went to Hochelaga.

It took them two weeks to make the journey, but every mile of it provided wonder and interest for the Frenchman. They liked the soft mellow days that were touched in the morning and evening with autumn frost. Never before had they seen the glorious colours of leaves in late September and October. Even the flocks of wild geese and ducks that rose from the marshes surprised them. When Cartier returned home the king commanded him to write a record of this voyage, and in it he said this about the country between Stadacona and Hochelaga: "As goodly a country as

possibly can with the eye be seen, and all replenished with very goodly trees."

The Frenchmen's enthusiasm was no less for the city of Hochelaga itself. The Indians welcomed them with much ceremony and kindness. They took them to the top of Mount Royal, and from it, as the white men gazed down on the yellow fields of ripened maize, and at the strong oblong houses of the Indians, some among them must have had a vision of the great city and towns and farms that would some day stretch for miles from Mount Royal. Cartier himself wrote a very full account of all he saw, and the "city" itself he described in detail,—its palisades, houses and its citizens, numbering from a thousand to fifteen hundred.

Cartier had not as much confidence in the friendliness of the Indians of Hochelaga as he had in that of the Indians of Stadacona, however, and he went back to the latter city for the winter. And what a dreadful winter it was! A terrible sickness broke out among the Frenchmen. They became so weak that they could not hunt, and then so weak that they could not chop wood to keep their fires burning. Every week for many weeks several men died, and others became ill with the dread disease. At first Cartier tried not to let the Indians know of their misery, for he thought he had observed among them slight evidences of ill-will. At last, however, he sought advice from an Indian doctor who told him to brew tea for his men from the branches of the balsam tree. After they had drunk this tea for

six days there was not a sick man among them. "We had brewed a tree as big as a French oak," he recorded.

Never was spring welcomed with more thanksgiving than that of the year 1536 in the desolate "city" of Stadacona. The Indians themselves had suffered more than usual from the cold and hunger, and with their increasing misery, their murmurings against the Frenchmen had grown into threats of destruction. On the fourth of July Cartier, accompanied by Chief Donnacona, his ten sons, and a little Indian girl, persuaded by treachery to go on board the ship, sailed for France.

Once more the king of France rejoiced in the reports brought to him. The country of Canada was a vast region; it had fertile soil, forests of tall trees in which roamed a multitude of fur-bearing animals, and rivers populated with innumerable fish. Moreover, the part of it that Cartier had seen was no more than the gateway to a vaster region, perhaps even the gateway of a westward route to the Orient.

The court of Francis I was agog at the prospect of the riches that seemed to be within their grasp. The king saw himself as the mighty emperor of a far-flung domain of inestimable wealth. He treated Donnacona and his sons like lords, and the little Indian girl became the pampered darling of the ladies of the court. In 1541 all was in readiness for a great colonizing expedition. It was such another farewell as that which had been given to the Cabots when they sailed from

Bristol a little more than forty years before. Cartier was captain-general of the expedition, and Sieur de Roberval was in charge of it. To the latter the king gave these imposing titles "Lord of Norembega, Viceroy in Canada, Labrador, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, The Great Bay and Baccalaos".

Magnificent titles surely, and I think whimsical fate must have chuckled wickedly at the high sounding honours. And truly she acted in a malevolent fashion from the start. Tempests swept the ocean; the fresh water supply gave out; the fleet of five ships became separated. When, at last, Cartier arrived at Stadacona the Indians looked on him darkly as was to be expected, for he had not brought their people, with the exception of the little girl, back to them.

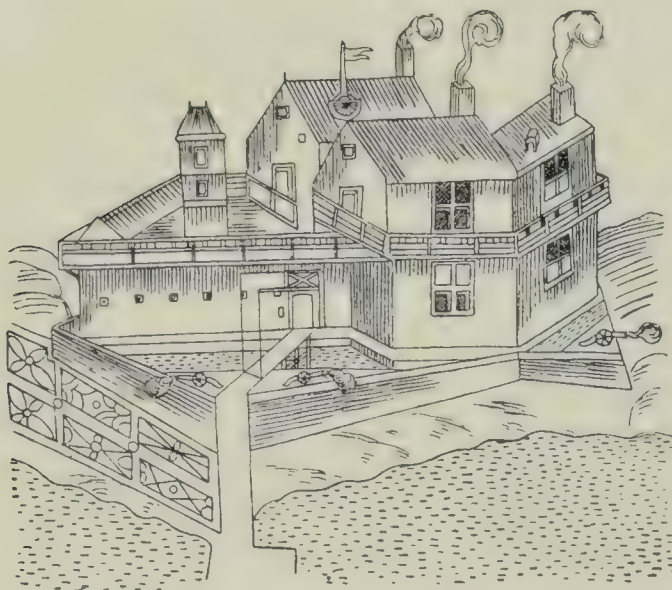
Cartier was quick to realize that he had lost the the Indians' goodwill. Nevertheless he put his settlers to work on the fields near Stadacona and had lettuce, turnips, and cabbage showing above the ground within a week. He built two forts and prepared for the winter, but uneasiness grew in him, for Roberval had not arrived. Two ships went to search for him, but neither he nor they put in an appearance. Winter settled a heavy grip on the little party. Illness came, and never for an instant were the Frenchmen without fear of an Indian attack. Discouraged, Cartier returned to France. Off the coast of Newfoundland he met Roberval who could not prevail on him to return to Canada. Roberval himself came on, but his efforts

ended in dismal failure. His people were sick and many died. He had to return to France, and so ended the glorious expedition that was to have established a mighty New France in America.

CHAPTER VII

THE COMING OF CHAMPLAIN

Years passed, ten, twenty, seventy years, and in their passing the Indian cities of Stadacona and Hochelaga disappeared. Perhaps some dreadful sickness came upon the Indians; perhaps storms sweeping



THE FIRST SETTLEMENT AT QUEBEC.

The bigger house in front is Champlain's residence.

down from Mount Royal and around the great rock of Quebec shattered their sturdy homes and beat their crops to the ground; perhaps the red men had grown distrustful of the Europeans and had sought new homes far from the course of their exploration.

This latter, indeed, is a likely explanation, for, although no one had come up the St. Lawrence with settlers, explorers and fur-traders had been there after Cartier departed. A Frenchman, Chauvin, had built a trading-post, the first stone house to be built in North America, in the year 1599, at Tadoussac. The man whose eager eyes now looked out from the deck of his ship to the rock of Quebec had been there five years before. Neither then nor now did he see oblong houses and grain nodding in the breeze, as Cartier had seen. He saw instead a little cluster of nut trees and steered his ship to the point of Quebec¹ where they grew. The man who came on this day to Quebec was Samuel de Champlain, about whom you read in chapter three, and the day of his coming was July the third, 1608, a day which we might well call our country's birthday.²

At dawn the next day Champlain and his twenty-eight men left the ship. I wonder what the perplexed Indians, looking down from their hiding-places on the slopes above, thought as they saw the white men chopping down the nut trees and putting up tents. Were they frightened? Did they murmur resentfully among themselves, with the bravest among them wanting to attack the white interlopers? Did the timid ones, caught by the brilliant gleams of the axes and their sharp, ringing sound, beg instead that they should be friendly? Champlain has not told us how the Indians

¹Algonkin word meaning the narrowing of the waters.

²So celebrated in 1908.

received them, but he has recorded that when he talked with them no one had any recollection of ever having heard of the city of Stadacona. He has told us, too, that the Indians soon discovered that the Frenchman's food was good, and that his cloth made comfortable clothing.

Once the tents were up, Champlain put his men at various tasks. His record of their work reads in part something like this: "One I set to sawing boards; another to making a cellar and digging ditches. Another I sent to Tadoussac with the barque to get supplies. We built our storehouse first, which was promptly accomplished through the zeal of all." The habitation was built next, and you may see what it was like, for Champlain left a drawing of it, and a photograph of the drawing is on page thirty-three. This *Habitation de Quebec* was at the foot of Cape Diamond, and Dr. Doughty in *Quebec of Yester-Year* calls it the first Government House in Canada.

In Champlain's record there is this further entry about the building of the new settlement: "While the carpenters, sawers of boards and other workers were employed on our quarters, I set all the others clearing up, in preparation for gardens in which to plant grain and seeds. . . On the first of October I had wheat sown and on the fifteenth some rye."

The men of Champlain's party had not given all their time to building their quarters and making them secure against the winter's cold. They had been talk-

ing among themselves, and some had said cruel, hard things of their leader. Before coming to Quebec the little party had put in at Tadoussac, and there pirates, probably Basque fishermen, had pillaged the stores. They were punished severely, and the action so incensed some of Champlain's men that they formed a plot to murder him. Once he was out of their way they planned to take possession of the ship and return to France. As the time appointed for the crime drew near at least one of the would-be criminals grew uneasy and sought relief for his burdened conscience by confessing the plot to the ship's pilot. The ringleaders were captured; one of them was executed, and three were sent in irons to France with Pontgravé, Champlain's partner in the Quebec expedition, when he returned there for the winter.

The Winter of 1608-9

Suppose we visit the little habitation at the foot of Cape Diamond in the early days of the year 1608. Wheat and rye have been planted, and grape-vines have been hidden from the frost by sacking. On the day we arrive the men are chopping and piling wood, and some of them are none too pleased with their task. They would have enjoyed the luxury of lying in the warm noon-day sun looking up into the mountainous clouds riding in the sky, and as they lay, they would, no doubt, have dreamed of their return to France. Perhaps they would have liked to go along the narrow forest trails

in search of prey, either animals or birds; or perhaps they longed to seek out some quiet bay, and there fill their little barques with fish. But Champlain would give no ear to their protests. Wood had to be chopped and piled. Already the sharp tang of winter was in the air in the morning and evening. The men muttered their discontent. "Does the master think to have us cut fuel for the lazy Indians?", one man asked another.

"Nay, more than that, without doubt," another said. "Soon he will be commanding us to ply our needles for them. They come begging for food, and he gives them of our best stores. They ask for cloth, and he measures it off in many yards. Let them but ask for suits fashioned as ours, and he will order us to be their tailors."

The men laughed at this, but their laughter had no mirth in it. They were sullen and fearful, and their fear did not decrease when one gloomy fellow said: "'Twould be well for us to be lavish with these savages, for let winter but once come upon us and we shall be imploring them to save us from plague."

"Plague!" they all exclaimed together. "What do you know of plague?"

The answer was given softly lest Champlain should hear. "You know well that this Canada deals cruelly with our men in the winter. Disease comes as stealthily as an enemy. We shall need these Indians, I say, to be our nurses and chambermaids before we see green leaves again."

Then one man and another recalled stories he had heard: Cartier's men had died like flies; some of those who had reached France had died of fever shortly afterward, and all who had gone out young and strong returned as old as their fathers.

It was while the men were talking in this mournful vein that we saw an Indian runner come to the outer gate of the *habitation*. He was brought to Champlain, and by signs and with the help of an interpreter he pleaded that the great white chief help his people, the Algonquins and their friends the Hurons, against their Iroquois foes. His people, he said, had heard of the Frenchmen and wished to bring their furs to them, but could not because of the fierce Iroquois. If Champlain would but promise to come to meet them next spring, then he would tell his people to gather great stores of furs for him. Champlain, eager for furs and perhaps more eager to explore the *Rivière des Iroquois*, later called Richelieu, gave the desired promise.

The Indian runner set off, jubilant, for his home on the shores of the Ottawa River. The Frenchmen of the settlement sank deeper in the abyss of their discontent and fear. They were not only to feed and clothe these savage red men, but they were to fight for them as well.

Winter came, and it was no less dreadful than the Frenchmen had feared. By February death seemed to lurk in every corner of the *habitation*. One man and then another and another died of scurvy. The Indians who had stayed in their near-by encampment were un-

able to help them, and if it had not been for medicine given to Champlain by some Iroquois during the summer, perhaps all of the little colony would have been wiped out. This medicine they called Anedda. It was not enough to cure all those who were ill, however, and the disease persisted. If only Champlain had known that Anedda was the Iroquois word for a certain kind of spruce tree, he could have made medicine for his men, as Cartier had done over seventy years before.

When spring came Champlain had no more than ten men left, and of these ten, five were so feeble they could do no work.

On the twenty-eighth of June, 1609, despite the havoc death had caused in his fort, Champlain set out with a small party of Algonquin and Huron warriors on his great adventure into the interior of the country. They went by Lake St. Peter and the Richelieu River, thence to the lake which Champlain called by his name. There the Iroquois in their bark canoes came upon them and entered into battle at dawn. Champlain, at the request of the Hurons and Algonquins, led the attack against them.

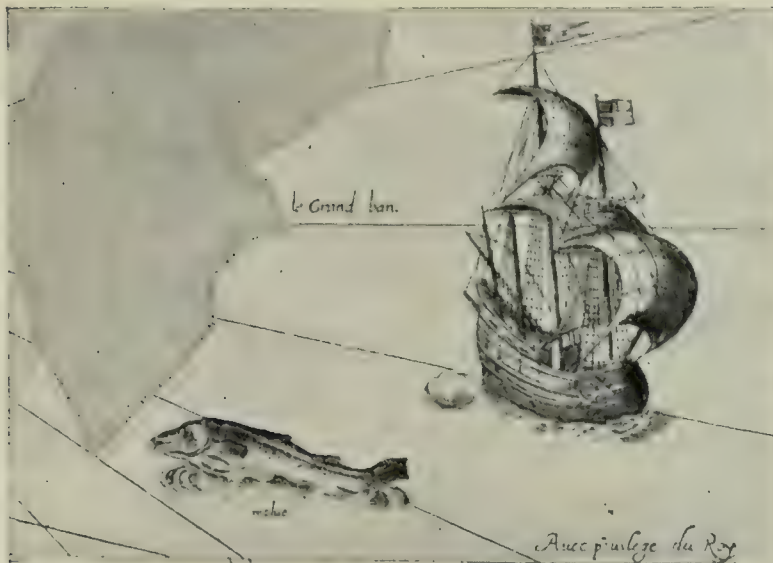
"I looked at them and they looked at me," Champlain wrote. "When they prepared to shoot arrows at us, I levelled my arquebuse and aimed at one of their chiefs. The shot brought down two and wounded a third. . . The Iroquois were astonished to see two of their men killed so quickly. As I was re-loading, one of my companions fired from the wood, and their astonish-

ment so increased that they fled into the depth of the forest."

So the great feud that was to result in the undying hatred of the Iroquois for the French had its beginning. It is mentioned here in order to point out that the bitter hatred added a heavier burden to the little colony. The Iroquois were fierce warriors, and no victory they ever had over the French appeared to satisfy their desire for revenge.

In the fall of the year (1609) Champlain returned to France with his associate, Pontgravé, who had brought out a few additional settlers and a goodly supply of stores, and who had been in charge of the fort while Champlain was away. They went to the king to tell him of their adventures in the new land and to tell him particularly of how the settlers were working on the land. The king listened to them with interest, but he could not be prevailed upon to let them hold the monopoly of the fur trade any longer. If they returned to Canada they would have to go without it, and this they resolved to do, confident that their friends, the Hurons and Algonquins, would aid them.

But what of the little colony? Had it grown apace, its wheat and rye, and grape-vines bearing fine fruit? Alas, no. The few settlers who had come from time to time were disappointed and afraid both of the Indians and starvation. Moreover, Champlain, fired with a burning desire to explore the vast interior of Canada, and Pontgravé, caught up in the wild rivalry for furs,



PART OF CHAMPLAIN'S MAP OF 1612.

"Mohie" is old French for codfish. "Le Grand Ban" is the Grand Bank of Newfoundland.

for the monopoly had not been granted to anyone, had little time to give them assistance or encouragement.

It was not until 1614 that interest in the colony was revived, and this was because Champlain and his associates, in again recovering the monopoly on furs, were compelled to agree to bring out to Canada six families a year. Whether the French explorer and his friends, the fur-traders, were too interested in the pursuit of their own business, or whether the tales of privation were too frightful, we do not know, but for some reason they failed to secure the necessary six families each year. By 1621 they had lost the monopoly again and did not regain it until 1627, when Cardinal Richelieu, after having formed the Company of New France, re-

quired them to bring out three hundred settlers each year.

Louis Hebert and His Family

In 1627 the total population of Quebec was no more than sixty-five. Several of these were farmers, among them Abraham Martin. When next you are in Quebec City walking along the Grande Allée I hope you will remember that it was here Farmer Martin's cattle used to graze. A group of Récollet Friars had come to Quebec, too, and Champlain had built a church for them within the Fort. Not long after their arrival the first qualified doctor came to open a surgery. At about this time, too, the Hebert family, father, mother and three children, came to Quebec.

Louis Hebert was an apothecary of Paris who had joined the expedition of 1604 to Acadia. He had remained at Port Royal for a number of years, where he had had particular success in growing certain healing herbs and grapes. Later he returned to France, but his love for the New World never left him. In 1617 Champlain engaged him to be the chemist for the colony, and in the agreement he was given permission to till the soil for himself, but he had to promise not to engage in the fur trade. Because he was the first man to make his living entirely from the soil of Canada he has been called the first Canadian farmer. The land that was Hebert's farm was on the cliff above the river, and on

that land the City Hall of Quebec and Laval University now stand.

Would you like to know something about that first Canadian farm home? It was of stone and was thirty-eight feet long and nineteen feet wide. Madame Hebert had brought plants from France, and she trained vines to grow up the sides of the house. Together the Heberts set out an orchard at the side of their house, and the first crop that they planted was of Indian corn and vegetables, and of course they made a garden of healing herbs. For ten years Louis Hebert worked diligently, and when he died in 1628 he left a beautiful, well-cultivated farm for his children. During those ten years he had done all his ploughing by hand. The year after his death his son-in-law had oxen to draw the plough.

CHAPTER VIII

AN INDIAN RUNNER'S MESSAGE

It is the nineteenth of July, 1629. The men of Quebec are at work in the fields. The women are in their kitchen or in their gardens pulling out weeds from among their vegetables. Champlain is in his fine new home, the Chateau St. Louis on the cliff above the river, busy with his maps and records of his journeys. The afternoon is hot, with hardly a breath of air stirring the leaves.

Everything about Quebec is quiet and peaceful this afternoon. The Indians have been on their best behaviour for quite some time. A goodly number have been persuaded to take up farming, and a few at least have been listening attentively to the teaching of the priest, de la Roche. It is true that Champlain is a trifle perplexed on this day, for the ships with supplies from France are overdue. Perhaps he thinks, as he works, that if for any reason they should fail to come, the people of the colony will have a chance to prove the stuff that is in them. They will have to be farmers and hunters and fishermen all in one, and they will have to do without the extra flour, sugar, dried fruits and cider that is their usual allotment from France. Perhaps as he leans over his maps he is a little curious about the new-comers. He expects a party of nearly

three hundred, and as he does not know what type of people may have been chosen for the colonists of the year, he wonders if they are making trouble at sea; probably they are quarreling among themselves or making a pact to demand extra stores from the captain. Champlain sighs and tries to put the worry from him. The years have been hard ones in Quebec. He is called the Lieutenant-General of New France, but no one knows better than he that the reins of government are not in his hands but in those of the fur-merchants. Every year he has gone to France to plead for the colonists; they need implements, seeds, more ammunition to protect themselves, but it has been the demands of the fur-traders that have been met, not his humble requests.

Suddenly, as if he had sprung from the ground, for he has made no sound in his coming, an Indian stands before Champlain. He is breathless with excitement, and the words that tumble disjointedly from his lips are alarming. Three English ships have been sighted off the island of Orleans, and a runner has come with a message that six others are anchored at Tadoussac.

Champlain calls to his servant, "Go immediately for Father de la Roche. Implore him to come here at once."

Even before the servant has passed through the fortress gate, Champlain sees a tiny shallop carrying a white flag approach the shore. He hoists a similar flag over the fort and waits anxiously. His garrison is comprised of no more than sixteen men. If these Eng-

lish are strong, and they must be, there is nothing for him to do but surrender. Yes, he must surrender. He has made his decision before the English officer from the boat presents his despatch.

The English expedition is led by two brothers, Lewis and Thomas Kirke, Champlain learns, and they have already captured the French provision boats. They demand immediate surrender; Champlain asks for fifteen days' delay, but the haughty English refuse.

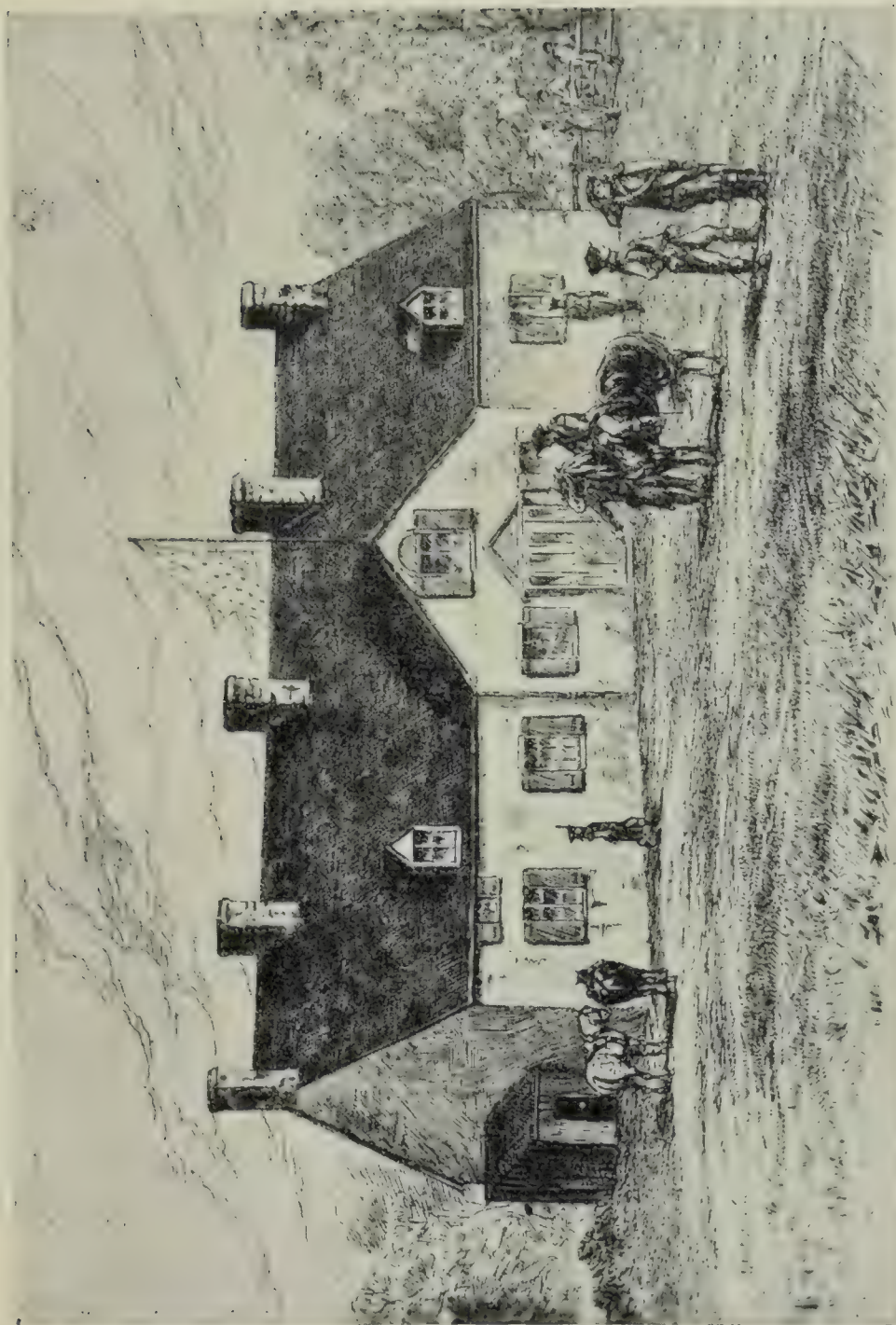
"At once" is what Lewis Kirke, speaking in Latin to Father de la Roche, for neither can speak the other's language, says with grim decision.

"Those of my people who wish, must be allowed to return to France," Champlain says with dignity.

"But they must go empty-handed," replies Kirke, "and your priests shall not be permitted to take anything but their books and their robes."

So on Sunday, July the twenty-second, English soldiers fired a volley from the ramparts of Quebec and at the same time hoisted the English flag. For twenty-one years Champlain had kept this foothold for France in the New World, and his spirit remained unconquered now. When he left Quebec he went not to France, but straight to London to the French ambassador. He presented his case so well that King Charles I of England agreed to restore Quebec to France. The treaty in which the restoration was made was not signed until 1632.

One year later Champlain returned to Quebec. He



HOUSE OF ROBERT GIFFARD, FIRST SEIGNEUR OF NEW FRANCE.

had not been idle while he was in France; nor was Quebec out of mind at any time. He had interviewed many prospective settlers, choosing this one because of his strength and apparent diligence, discouraging that one because he seemed not to possess these qualities. He had talked to many prominent people of France, and through their interest he had succeeded in forming an association for the express purpose of helping people to settle in New France. Forty people under Robert Giffard, who became the first seigneur of New France, followed Champlain to Canada in 1634.

Perhaps one day some one will write a book of Canada's happy days. If that is ever done, one of the happiest days therein recorded will be that on which Champlain returned to New France. Madame Hebert with her children and grandchildren came to greet him; so did Abraham Martin with his children and grandchildren. The chiefs of the Hurons, all decked out in paint, harangued him in enthusiastic fashion. Here is a description of the occasion taken from the *Relations* of Father Le Jeune:

"They (the Hurons) vied with each other in trying to honour Sieur de Champlain and the French, and in testifying their affection for us. One of these said that when the French were absent the earth was no longer the earth, the river was no longer the river, the sky no longer the sky; but upon the return of Sieur de Champlain everything was as before; the earth was again the

earth, the river was again the river, and the sky was again the sky."

One of the saddest days in Canada's history came but one year after this. It was on December the twenty-fifth, 1635, and on that day Champlain, rightly called the Father of New France, died.

CHAPTER IX

THE FOUNDING OF MONTREAL

When Champlain left France for the last time he had interested people of wealth in the new land. Several of these persons secured grants of large tracts in return for promises to be responsible for a certain number of settlers. In this way Three Rivers was founded (1639), and likewise Quebec extended her boundaries.

Montreal owed its origin to quite a different cause. Shall we take another journey backward in time to the year 1641 and see for ourselves how Canada's largest city had its beginning? Then let us be passengers on a tiny ship that is coming slowly into the harbour of Quebec. The governor of New France, *Sieur de Montmagny*, has come to the quay to welcome us. He is courteous to our leader but not as cordial as we think he should be. He asks *Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve*, who is our leader, a few questions, and we hear a reply something like this:

"We have come, *Sieur de Montmagny*, not to make ourselves rich in the fur trade, but to found a mission, a hospital, and a school, in the name of the King of France, on the island of *Mont Royale*. I have with me fifty men and four courageous women. One of them is

Mme. Jeanne Mance who is to be the director of the hospital."

"Your scheme is impossible," we hear Governor de Montmagny say with great austerity. "Mont Royale is too near the Iroquois for you to build a city."

"Nevertheless we shall go," Maisonneuve replies, "even if every tree were an Iroquois."

We can see that the governor is now very angry. He clasps and unclasps his hands many times; then he pauses in front of Maisonneuve and says in a loud voice, "Brave words you speak, my friend, but you do not know the Iroquois. They are everywhere. We were building a fort on the Richelieu. They came stealthily and wounded and killed my men. They burn and torture and laugh like mad men as they do it."

But Maisonneuve will not listen. "Our mission is to Mont Royale," he says. "It is my duty and my honour to found a colony there. We have been sent by the Society of our Lady of Mont Royale, and there can be no turning back for us."

Montmagny calls several Jesuit priests to his aid, but as they cannot prevail on Maisonneuve either to abandon his mission or to change his destination from Mont Royale to the Island of Orleans, they try to persuade him to delay his journey until the spring. This he does, and as we listen to the discussion that follows we are rejoiced at his decision. It will be interesting living in Quebec this winter, we think. The house yonder, built of boards and logs, is to be our

home, so we are told, and we cannot help wondering how all of us, for there are fifty-four, can live in that long, low, narrow building. But then we were so eager to come!

In the spring of the year Maisonneuve and his little company set off boldly up the St. Lawrence. On the morning of May the seventeenth, they landed where Cartier had disembarked more than a hundred years before, and where now there are great warehouses and where pass the ships of the world. Father Vimont of Quebec had accompanied them, and when he was consecrating the mission he said: "You are a grain of mustard seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is upon you, and your children shall fill the land."

After the stockade was built it was not a fort that was erected next but a hospital, and in it for nearly all the remaining years of her life Mme. Jeanne Mance ministered to the suffering Indians. Houses and windmill were built after the fort, and for two years the settlement of Mont Royale, then called Ville Marie, was left in peace and quiet, undiscovered by any one but a party of settlers from France, come with a rich gift of forty thousand francs for the hospital.

Maisonneuve's first work outside the palisades of Ville Marie was with a group of Algonquins whom he tried to establish in a farming settlement. No sooner had they begun to break the soil than they were dis-

covered by the Iroquois. War cries ripped through the quiet spring morning; tomahawks gleamed from unseen hands; flying arrows and bullets caught the Indians and Frenchmen as they ran for the city walls. The last man to reach the gates was Maisonneuve, and as he did so the chief of the Iroquois brandished his tomahawk before him. Maisonneuve raised his pistol, and the chief fell. Maisonneuve entered the gates of his city, and the Iroquois retreated. When next you go to Montreal you may see the place of this encounter. It is called the Place d'Armes, and there is a statue of Maisonneuve who first saved Ville Marie from the Iroquois.

If you would read tales of perseverance and courage, tales of unselfishness and bravery, tales of gallant adventure against fearful odds, then I would advise you to turn to the pages of our country's history. And no braver deeds are recorded than those which concern our greatest city, Montreal. You have read of Jeanne Mance; I hope you will read of Madame de la Peltrie, of Marguerite Bourgeoys, and of Adam Daulac, who had a share in building and safeguarding the infant colony. But they were no braver than many others who are nameless in history, who, in peril of their lives, brought in the harvests to the city, or who defended it against the Iroquois in battle; for Ville Marie, it must be remembered, was in daily danger of destruction for more than twenty years.

CHAPTER X

UNDER ROYAL CONTROL

As you have read these pages have you wondered why New France did not grow? When Maisonneuve with his fifty-four settlers went to Ville Marie, Quebec had no more than three hundred people, and yet, you may know by recalling the charter of the Company of New France, she should have had at least three thousand citizens. The fact of the matter was, that the Company did not at any time carry out its agreement to bring out a certain number of settlers. Many of those whom it did bring, were not tillers of the soil, but had come to work in the fur trade industry. Quebec, for the first thirty years of its existence, was not the centre of a new colony, but a fur-trading post.

Moreover, the company holding the monopoly had one interest greater than any other. It was to secure as many furs as possible during the period of its monopoly. It had neither the time nor the inclination to assist farmers. So year after year, although the tilled soil yielded good crops, and some families like the Heberts and Martins became well established, quite a number of settlers who came out one year waited anxiously for the ship of the following year to take them back to France.

Some would not come to Canada; many would not

stay in Canada. Indeed the country stood in bad repute in France because of the Indians. Many times grain ripened in the field but could not be cut, for Indians lurked in the near-by woods, ready to leap on the harvesters with tomahawks and blood-curdling yells. Frequently the grain did not ripen but was burned to the ground by the Indians. No wonder would-be settlers asked anxiously about the protection that would be given them. In an effort to improve the condition of New France, the Company of the Habitants was given the monopoly of trade (1645), in return for which it agreed to maintain soldiers to protect the colony against Iroquois attacks, and to bring out twenty settlers each year. This agreement was never carried out, and after fifteen years or more of patient waiting for improvement the government of France at last realized that the colony would have to be abandoned or taken out of the control of companies. In 1663 the king of France assumed direct control.

Through the years there have been many fine pageants in the city of Quebec. Perhaps you have seen some of them; if you have not, no doubt you will when you are grown up, for we Canadians like to go to Quebec, and we are proud of her music and drama festivals and winter sports carnivals. On a June day in the year 1665 there was a fine show of pageantry in Quebec. A procession marched through the narrow, steep streets led by a guard of twenty-four men wearing the livery of the king of France. Behind them came two hundred

soldiers in plumed hats and bandoliers. The populace of the city, but it was not more than six hundred, cheered the procession; the church bells added joyous peels to the cheers, and young nobles, newly arrived from France and wearing magnificent costumes of velvet trimmed with ribbons and lace, added to the gaiety of the scene. And why all this rejoicing, you ask?

This is the answer. King Louis XIV's representative, the Marquis de Tracy, appointed lieutenant-general of New France, has just arrived. He has brought two hundred soldiers with him, and he has told the inhabitants that a thousand more will arrive in a few weeks with the new governor and the intendant, Talon. When they came they brought also two hundred more settlers.

I think you would like to meet this genial, kindly Monsieur Jean Baptiste Talon. He came to New France with these words of king Louis ringing in his ears: "Cause justice to reign, protect the inhabitants, discipline them against enemies, and procure for them peace, repose, and plenty."

You may know from these words of instruction that the king had given M. Talon no easy task. Being intendant was something like being a superintendent. It was his duty to help the new settlers choose their farms, and once they were chosen he was supposed to advise them about their crops and their farm buildings, for, you must remember, many of these new settlers



A VISIT OF THE INTENDANT.

came from the cities of France and had had no experience whatever of farm life.

Shall we visit the new intendant in his comfortable home in Quebec? It cannot be a long visit, for he is a very busy man and spends little time in his home. In a birch-bark canoe and with an Indian guide he travels about the colony from one farm to another. On this particular day he has a group of interested visitors at his home, and do but listen to what he is saying.

"I have asked you to come here for two reasons. The first one is to tell you that I want you to help me build a ship," he says.

"A ship!" everyone exclaims, and a few say to each other softly, "Why do we need a ship? Do not our ships come from France?"

"I want you to send your sons here to Quebec to work on the ship," Talon continues. "They need a trade other than farming, and, moreover, while they are learning to be carpenters they will learn to work with one another."

Three hundred and fifty young men gathered from Ville Marie, Three Rivers and the country surrounding Quebec, to work on the ship. When it was finished Talon sent it, laden with codfish, lumber, salmon, and peas to the West Indies and its return cargo was sugar. The money for building the ship was given to the people by the king of France.

On this day we may see Talon giving the farmers each a bag of hempseed, and as he does so he says,

"When this is grown next year, your wives will know how to spin it into cloth." And this was, indeed, true, for Talon had brought out flax and wool with him from France for the use of nuns in the convents, and with it they taught the women of New France to spin and weave.

We may hear Talon making a promise to the farmers if we listen. "I have written to the king," he says, "to tell him that you need cattle and sheep and horses. When they come I shall summon you to a great market here in Quebec, and to each one will be given the animal he most needs."

Then listen to the message he gives the farmers for their wives: "Tell your women," he says, "that the ladies of France are gathering flower seeds for them. Soon they may have as beautiful gardens here as those they left behind in France."

Then as we, with the others, prepare to leave, Talon calls out that he has one last word to say to us. He has a letter in his hand and he reads from it. It is from Colbert, the king of France's foreign minister, and Talon reads, "The King regards his Canadian subjects, from the highest to the lowest, almost as his own children and wishes them to enjoy the mildness and happiness of his reign. He bids you to solace them in all things and encourage them in trade and industry."

Now, at last, New France is on its way to prosperity. People are anxious to leave the old land for the new. Not even the Indians hold the same terror for the

people that they did a few years ago. And you ask why? Has Talon cast some spell over these savages of the wilds, that has made them diligent farmers and law-abiding citizens? No, that is not the reason, alas, but Talon and his superior officer, the Lieutenant-General Tracy, have worked together to curb the Indian in his savage exploits.

You will recall that the lieutenant-general and the intendant came to Canada accompanied by more than a thousand soldiers, as well as two hundred settlers. Before the new settlers went to live on their farms the lieutenant-general led an armed expedition into the country of the Iroquois. He had with him the thousand soldiers that had arrived recently from France and about two hundred others who were experienced in Indian warfare. This little army went up the St. Lawrence to the Richelieu River which they ascended to Lake Champlain, and they crossed this lake and launched on Lake George. The famous historian, Parkman, has given us a fine description of the expedition:

"October had begun, and the romantic wilds breathed the buoyant life of the most inspiring of American seasons, when the bluejay screams from the woods, the wild duck flashes along the lake, and the echoes of the distant mountains prolong the quavering cry of the loon. . . Amid the gorgeous euthanasia of the dying season, the three hundred boats and canoes trailed in long procession up the lake, threaded the labyrinth of the Narrows—that sylvan fairy land of

tufted islets and quiet waters—and landed at length where Fort William Henry was afterwards built.”

From Lake George they marched about a hundred miles to the Indian villages, and once arrived there, the good fortune that awaited them seemed unbelievable. The Iroquois were not ambushed in waiting for them; instead, as the French approached, the Iroquois had become panic-stricken and had fled, leaving their provisions behind them. The French, who had suffered much at the hands of these ruthless savages, showed no mercy now. Village after village was set on fire. Cabins, stores, and grain standing in the fields were burned. The punishment, cruel though it may seem to us, was well deserved. Certainly by no other means could New France have been released from the Iroquois terror. And now the country entered on a long period of peace.

With peace established so securely it was no longer necessary to keep soldiers in readiness to protect the colony. Instead the soldiers became settlers. The officers received large grants of land and they in turn made allotments to their men. The grants which the soldiers received were, for the most part, on the shores of the St. Lawrence and Richelieu Rivers, along the course that the Iroquois would have to take, should they again burst into savage raids.

Without doubt the future of New France now had a golden lustre. The Iroquois menace, if it had not gone entirely, had certainly receded far into the wilds, and

settlers had the added protection of the king of France himself. He sent them seed and stock and implements; nor did his assistance end there. Talon in one of his reports had said that many of the settlers were bachelors and asked that young women who were willing to marry be sent out. The king acted on the suggestion without delay, and soon dozens of girls under the title of "King's girls" came to New France. Marie de L'Incarnation, the first Superior of the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, wrote: "No sooner have the vessels arrived than the young men go to get their wives, and by reason of their great numbers they are married by thirties at a time."

During the ten years between 1663 and 1673 the population was trebled, and by 1679 twenty-five thousand acres were under cultivation. New France was enjoying great prosperity. Every year a few new settlers arrived from France, but now there was not the same need for them, for the high birth rate caused the population to double itself every thirty years.

CHAPTER XI

NOVA SCOTIA BECOMES BRITISH

If you look back to page 26 you will see that the French had lost their settlement in Acadia, that is Port Royal, to the English, and that at the beginning of the eighteenth century they had tried to improve their eastern position by building a stronghold at Louisburg on Cape Breton Island (1714). When this fort was built, according to plans made by a famous French engineer called Vauban, the French Government asked the people living on the mainland near Port Royal, or Annapolis Royal as the English called it, if they would leave their homes and take up land near Louisburg. The Acadian farmers were cautious in their reply; they would go, they said, if their representatives, after they had examined the land, advised them to do so. The reports which the representatives made were unfavourable; they said the land was rocky and heavily forested, and so the Acadians decided to stay on their farms.

When the English knew that the five hundred Acadians of the Annapolis Royal vicinity were going to remain on their farms they were well satisfied. They had no settlers of their own except a few fishermen at Canso, and moreover, they did not want to see Louisburg strengthened by these people. The Acadians took

an oath of allegiance to Britain, after making one condition that they should never be asked to fight against the French. For more than thirty-five years the Acadians lived on, on their farms, but only a few of those years were happy ones. Messengers came to them from Louisburg and Quebec with tales of warning against the English; the chief one was that soon the English would force them to give up their Church. No wonder that restlessness and fear grew in the hearts of the Acadians. In the meantime, too, the British Government had begun to appreciate the value of Nova Scotia and to want it for settlers of her own. So in 1755 about one half of the Acadian population of Nova Scotia were taken from their farms to Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia, and other parts of British territory to the south. It was a very sad time for them.

A full account of the expulsion of the Acadians you may read in many history books. Perhaps you have read the poem *Evangeline*, by the poet Longfellow, in which the tragic story is told with fine emotion and sympathy.

The Founding of Halifax

In writing of the Acadians we have gone a little forward in time. Now we must go back to the year 1748. England, as we have said before, had come to have an appreciation of Nova Scotia and of the country to which it is the gateway. She realized that French power was growing there and that she must strengthen

herself. For these reasons her king, George II, issued a proclamation that free passage and land would be given to all retired men of the army and navy who would settle in Nova Scotia. He promised them protection from enemies, and supplies of ammunition and food for one year. In a short time over two thousand five hundred settlers were ready to leave England for Nova Scotia. About fifteen hundred of these were men, the rest women and children.

These settlers were led by an English soldier, the Honourable Edward Cornwallis, who, although he was very patient with the people placed under his care, had not a very high opinion of them. Neither had the English people of New England any greater esteem for them, when later they came to Nova Scotia. One of them said with much feeling, "the business of half the town (Halifax) is to sell rum, and of the other half to drink it."

The party landed in the harbour of Chebuctoo in the summer of 1749, and if they gave little promise of being persevering settlers, the site of their proposed town must have made up somewhat for their shortcomings. On the day after their landing Cornwallis wrote in his report, "The coasts are as rich as ever they have been represented. All the officers agree that the harbour is the finest they have ever seen. The country is one continued wood."

In those first days there could not have been much evidence of laziness or indifference among the colonists.

They set to work with a will to build their town, which they decided to call Halifax after Lord Halifax, President of the Board of Trade in England. First they erected a wall around what had been a straggling Indian and French village; then they put up a few log houses in which they could live until they could clear sites for houses on their land. Perhaps you would like to know how they got their land. The town was laid out in rectangles of three hundred and twenty feet by one hundred and twenty feet, streets being fifty-five feet in width. Each block contained sixteen town lots, forty feet front by sixty feet deep. These lots were drawn for by the settlers, and each one was supplied with frames for his house, brought from Massachusetts.

The settlement at Halifax was not left long in peace, for when the French saw that the English were strengthening themselves in Acadia, they encouraged their friends, the Micmac Indians, to attack the settlement. This they did with such stealth and persistence that Cornwallis sent out companies of soldiers to scour the country for Indians. Later he offered "a premium of ten guineas¹ for every Indian whether taken or destroyed."

But despite the menace of Indians and of fever which broke out before the end of the first year, the little colony grew and prospered. "One hundred cows

¹Fifty dollars, and in those days the value was equivalent to about two hundred dollars to-day.

and some sheep were bought from the French at Minas," and new settlers came from England, New England and the Palatinate in Germany, so that in less than five years the population had risen to six thousand. The German settlers did not stay in the immediate neighbourhood of Halifax and Dartmouth but went to Malagash Bay, and founded their own town of Lunenburg. Their houses were somewhat different from those of the English settlers, for they had doors and shutters of heavy planking, and they had dim, flickering lamps in which they burned cod-liver oil.

So the French lost their power in Nova Scotia, the Acadia of their first pioneer ventures. For a time they maintained their strength in New Brunswick, but by 1763 they had withdrawn all troops and all claims to any part of the country.

CHAPTER XII

NEW ENGLANDERS COME TO THE MARITIMES

Shall we have another journey backward in time? For this journey we shall not cross the ocean but go south to the city of Boston. It is about the year 1755 or 1756, and I think we shall travel from Halifax in a sturdy, wooden fishing boat. It will take us nearly three weeks, at least, and longer if the boat's captain wants to fill his hold with fish. Once in Boston, our friends will take us about a great deal to show us the wonders of their city. One thing that they will show us with much pride will be their newspaper, for the people of Boston in those days, as indeed they are to-day, were very proud of their newspapers. They had news brought in special despatches from England and the continent; they had columns of learned articles; they had news stories, or that is what we would call them to-day, about the new colony called Nova Scotia, and they had a fair number of advertisements. Here is an advertisement that we might have read when we were in Boston:

“To be sold at public auction, on Monday, the 3rd of November, two slaves—a boy and a girl, about eleven years old; likewise a puncheon of choice cherry brandy, with sundry other articles.”

The advertisement did not seem peculiar to us then as it would now, for in the years 1755 and 1756 slave sales were common. Other advertisements we may read, too, and among them several offering grants of land in the new British colony of Nova Scotia. Some are for land already cultivated, and we know that they are for the farms left by the Acadians who have just been expelled. All the advertisements advise the readers to consult Mr. Thomas Hancock who is the agent for Nova Scotia in Boston.

Soon we find that everyone is talking of Nova Scotia. Even families who have lived in Boston for many years and are doing well in trade, are packing their furniture and preparing to go to Nova Scotia. We notice that almost the first thing these prospective colonists do, is to have house frames made to take with them. They are eager, jubilant people, and one boy of twelve tells us happily, "I am going to live in Nova Scotia, and I am to have fifty acres of land for myself." A little girl tells us that the apple blossoms bloom all the year in this new land, and that her father says that the grass is longer and greener than in any other part of the world.

Such tales we hear, but indeed there is some reason for them. Thomas Hancock has told the would-be settlers that each head of a family may have one hundred acres of land, with an additional fifty acres for each member of his family. For the first ten years there will be no tax on the land, and after ten years the rent

will be no more than twenty cents for each fifty acres. Some of the settlers, those first to decide to go, may secure the cultivated farms of the Acadians. In all the regulations set out for the colonists there appears to be one only that has "must" in it. It says that they must cultivate their land within thirty years.

Although the little girl is quite wrong about the apple blossoms, we must not laugh at her too much, for she, no doubt, has been listening to the reports brought back to Boston by the observers sent in advance by those planning to go to Nova Scotia. They have told everyone about the fine apple orchards in the Minas valley. "The trees," they say, "are fine and straight, and they are a mass of pink and white blossoms. The grass in the marshes is tall and thick and green so that there will never be any want for pasture. My friends, it is a fine, a magnificent land."

While we are in Boston we may gather with most of the people of the city to see the first party of colonists set out for Nova Scotia. They are gathered in groups at the wharf with their friends. Amid laughter and shouts of excitement we hear them saying, "We are going now, but we shall expect you before the snow flies." Or some of the stay-at-homes are saying, "Let us but hear that the land is what the agent says it is, and we shall come, too. Be sure to write us fully about it."

Now let us look at the cargo that is assembled to go on to the boat. Each settler is taking a herd of cows, sacks of seed grain, boxes and bags of food enough to

last his family for a few months, fodder for the cattle, and the furniture of his comfortable Boston home. No woman of the group but has made sure that her spinning-wheel and hand-loom are carefully packed.

Amid lusty cheers and friendly admonitions to write, to take good care of themselves, and not to be sea-sick, the Nova Scotia colonists go on board the ship. Her name may have been the *Sally*, the *Lydia*, or the *Wolfe*, for all three of them carried New Englanders to Nova Scotia.

Although it would be interesting to journey with them, it would take too much space in this book. However, we may have a glimpse of them in the new land before we leave them. It is summer, of course, and they are living in tents, while they are building their houses. These, we can see, are going to have two storeys and be of frame covered with clapboards or shingles, and the foundations are of logs cut from the forest of the new country. Land has already been set aside, they tell us, for churches, schools and parade grounds.

The First British Settlement in New Brunswick

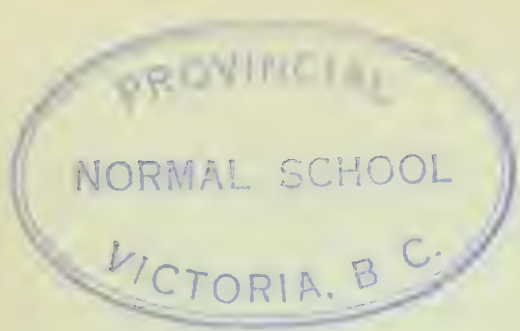
You know that the French finally in 1763 left that part of the Maritimes that is now called New Brunswick. Two years before they did so, however, a party of twelve men was sent to explore the land of the St. John River valley, in order to find out if it would make

good farm land. They took back such enthusiastic reports of it to New England that everyone was eager to go, and a year later when Thomas Peabody secured a grant of land on the banks of the St. John River, he had no difficulty in persuading people to join his colony. He took two hundred settlers with him to found his settlement which was named Mangerville.

It has always been the fate of pioneers to suffer great privations, and in many instances, the menace of enemies and disease. Even those who took up land in Nova Scotia under the happiest of circumstances spent many months in fear of the Micmac Indians. Those who settled in New Brunswick were no exception, for although Indians did not prey upon them, the dread of poor crops and poverty must have done so. They came too late in the first year to grow enough foodstuffs for their needs. Many of their cows died for lack of fodder. They had little or no money, but that did not matter, for they would have had no opportunity to use it anyway. An old record says that the richest man in Mangerville community had two tables and twelve chairs in his house. The same record reveals that one family, and one only, had a mirror. One cart was purchased for the use of all the settlers, and it was given to each one in turn. The record does not say who was appointed to make a schedule for the cart, but surely, some person must have done so.

Every year for about ten years groups of New Englanders settled in Nova Scotia and New Bruns-

wick. Few if any of them escaped the usual first hard winter, but practically all succeeded in establishing prosperous communities. Later on you may read a much more detailed account of settlement in Canada, and when you do I hope you will pay especial attention to what is said of the settlement of fisher-folk in the the Maritime Provinces, for their story is one of outstanding bravery and perseverance.



CHAPTER XIII

MORE SETTLERS FROM SCOTLAND

Do you remember that on a few pages before this we were visiting in England at the beginning of the seventeenth century and that King James was giving Nova Scotia to Sir William Alexander? Now we are to have another journey, this time to the year 1773, and our destination is the site of the present town of Pictou in Nova Scotia. We have arrived on a day in early September; a warm, mellow autumn day it is, with the smell of ripening wild fruit in the air. The sea stretches from the shore almost like a smooth carpet of green, for there is hardly a ripple to ruffle its calm surface. The air is as still as the sea, but nevertheless we feel expectant and eager. Something is going to happen, and even as we are wondering what the "something" may be, a cry is raised from a farm near by. Then another and another, and in what seems no more than a few minutes, we are in the midst of a little throng of people.

"See, a ship yonder!" everyone says to everyone else and points to the sea.

To be sure there is a little ship. She moves slowly, so slowly, but not so the tongues of the people on the shore.

One says, "She comes from New England, without a doubt. Perhaps it is the *Hope*, that brought us."

Another says, "No, no. She comes from Scotland. Did not my own brother Duncan write me that, God willing, he would be here before another winter?"

"Aye," says someone else. "It is the truth you speak. Yon ship comes from Scotland. She brings Mackays and Macdonalds, MacAlpines and Rosses."

The controversy lasts until late afternoon, when we hear a weird, high sound. Quick as a flash, one Scottish settler who had come the year before, turns to a settler who had come five years before from Philadelphia, and exclaims, "Do you but listen. 'Tis the skirling of the pipes."

And true enough the sound of the pipes comes sharp and clear over the water. No doubt now but that the ship comes from Scotland and that she has hardy men and women of the Highlands on board, for the songs that rise above the shrill piping are rugged and wild.

What are they doing, those people in the ship? Do you see? One has leapt overboard and so has another and another. Even as we look in amazement the first one begins to pipe. They are wading ashore, led by their piper. We, with all the others, rush to meet them.

It is a sad story they have to tell us. For all their brave singing and piping, their faces are lined with sorrow and pain. They have had a rough voyage. No sooner had they lost sight of Scottish shores than fever

broke out. Eighteen had died at sea, and now, on the ship there are many sick, and those who have just died are awaiting burial.

"The ship is like a graveyard," one woman tells us. "When we saw the green hills and the shore we wept for joy. We could not wait. Piper Mackay was ready to pipe us through the surf and we to follow."

For all the kindness of their first welcome these new settlers from Scotland were not treated generously by those who had arrived before them, either from Scotland or from New England. They were laughed at for their Highland costume and sneered at for their Gaelic speech. The real reason for the unfriendliness was that the new-comers had not brought a good supply of food. They had come almost empty-handed, and it was too late for them to plant crops.

Winter came with sudden and bitter severity, and the men of the new colony had to struggle through the forest to the settlement at what is now Truro to beg for potatoes and a little flour, which they carried to Pictou on their backs. This did not seem such a difficult task as finding their way through the woods. They were afraid of the forests; the trees were so tall; they grew so close together that no gleam of sunshine lightened the gloom, and moreover, an Indian with a scalping knife *might* be lurking behind each tree.

When the first winter of misery and loneliness was over the new settlers had to face another disappointment. The farms that sloped to the sea had all been



LANDING OF THE HIGHLANDERS AT PICTOU FROM THE "HECTOR".

taken, and they were forced to go inland into the dense forests. Circumstances were made a little easier for them, however, for neighbours from their old Highland homes arrived to help them clear the land. Some of these people decided to settle on Prince Edward Island instead of at Pictou, but most of these latter settlers left the island after mice had robbed them of their first crop.

More Scottish Settlers

The reason the people of the Highlands of Scotland wanted new homes in Canada was that they were being

driven from their little farms, on which they had been tenants, by the landlords who thought they could make more money out of raising sheep. This cruel business of driving the Highlanders from their homes continued for a long time, and ship-loads of homeless people came to Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. In the first years of the nineteenth century they were assisted by Lord Selkirk¹ and by 1825, 25,000 Scottish people had found new homes in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. In 1803 this kindly Scottish knight brought eight hundred to the island, and he has left us a description of their first homes: "They lodged themselves in temporary wigwams, constructed after the fashion of the Indians, by setting up a number of poles in a conical form, tied together at top, and covered with boughs of trees. . . I arrived at the place late in the evening and it had then a very striking appearance. Each family had kindled a large fire near the wigwam, and round these were assembled groupes of figures, whose peculiar national dress added to the singularity of the surrounding scene. . . By the number of fires the whole woods were illuminated."²

¹For other references to Lord Selkirk see page 190, and Chapter XXVIII.

²In *The Great Migration*, by E. C. Guillet, pages 218-219, there is an extended quotation.

CHAPTER XIV

THE COMING OF THE LOYALISTS TO THE MARITIMES

In other history books, as well as in this one, you may read of two brave soldiers, Wolfe and Montcalm, who fought against each other at Quebec in 1759. The victory of the former, that is of General Wolfe, resulted in Canada becoming a British possession. Seventeen years after this the British colonists to the south of Canada, in what is now the United States, became dissatisfied with the treatment given them by the British Government. One thing that made them very angry was that Britain put a tax on them, and this the colonists considered unfair, as they were not allowed to send members to the British Parliament. When King George III of England would pay no attention to their protests, the Americans decided to fight, and in the end they were victorious. When the war was over the people to the south of Canada were no longer British subjects but citizens of an independent country which was called the United States of America.

Now many of the people of the American colonies would not fight against Great Britain, and because of their loyalty they were treated with great cruelty by the revolutionists. Their homes were burned and their property was taken from them. When Sir Guy Carle-

ton, who was Governor of Canada, learned of their suffering, he invited them to come to Canada. They were called United Empire Loyalists. The British Government promised to give them farms in Canada and to supply them with farm implements and food for three years.

As Nova Scotia was the British possession easiest to reach, the first comers arrived there. They poured into the province in such numbers that in a year the population was increased threefold. The first large group numbering about five hundred, came from New York in October, 1782, and within a few months they were joined by nearly six thousand more people, and churches, tents, and ships in the harbour had to be used for living quarters. Within a few months Port Roseway, that had had a population of about a hundred, became a bustling town of ten thousand, and its name was changed to Shelburne. Within a year Shelburne had "eight hundred houses finished, six hundred in great forwardness and several hundred lately begun, with wharves and other erections under way."

A lady has left an account in her diary of the beginning of the settlement: "We left New York on the last day of October in 1783 and arrived at Port Roseway on the 7th November. . . The snow was about two feet deep. . . There were a number of houses building, but none finished; plenty of marquees, tents, and sheds. . . It looked dismal enough. Called on some of our friends in their tents, Colonel —— and his wife

and two young daughters in one; and his daughter Sarah, Lawyer ——'s wife, and babe in another. I thought they did not look able to stand the coming winter."

By New Year, 1784, twenty-seven thousand United Empire Loyalists had arrived in Nova Scotia. They had settled, not only at Shelburne but on Cape Breton and at Antigonish. The Shelburne colony did not prove successful, for the land near it was not fertile, and its harbour was icebound in winter. Within fifteen years of its founding people were leaving it for new homes in Prince Edward Island or New Brunswick.

Loyalists in New Brunswick

You must not think that the United Empire Loyalists left the United States with no idea of where they were going. Agents were sent in advance to choose suitable districts for settlement. In 1783 three agents examined the valley of the St. John River, and the report they made in New York was so favourable that three thousand persons set out for it in May of that year, and a few months later they were joined by five thousand more.

The first impression the new-comers had of their homes was an unhappy one, for the forest was dense to the water's edge, not only with trees but with thick underbrush. There was not so much of a clearing as to allow them to put up tents on their arrival. This

wild forest land frightened them, but despite their fear they all set to work with a will. The settlement prospered, and within two years it was granted a city charter, the first in any British colony. The name of the city was Saint John.

Up until this time, this part of the Maritimes was included in Nova Scotia, but now (1784) it was made into the province of New Brunswick. The reason for the division was the distance from Halifax, which was the seat of government.

Loyalists in Prince Edward Island

At this time the island was called not Prince Edward Island but the Isle of St. Jean. It received its present name in 1799, and was so named in honour of Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, who was the father of Queen Victoria.

Only about six hundred Loyalists went to Prince Edward Island. Some of them came direct from New York, but the majority of them went there after they had been disappointed in the Shelburne settlement. The Governor of Prince Edward Island, in trying to make an explanation for the island's apparent unpopularity, said the reason was "the enmity in Nova Scotia to the island, on account of its superiority in natural advantages, which they fear will rob Nova Scotia of its inhabitants".

Doubtless one reason for its not being settled so

quickly, was that it was away from the usual route of travel. Another reason was that the land was controlled by a group of "proprietors" who had secured it from the British Government, after they had promised to establish a certain number of settlers on the land. These "proprietors" did not keep their promises, nor did they deal fairly with the few Loyalists who went there after the American War of Independence. No sooner had the new-comers cleared the land, built houses and barns and planted orchards than the owners ordered them to leave. The struggle between the settlers and the owners lasted a long time, and perhaps for that reason more than any other, Prince Edward Island did not progress as rapidly as the other parts of the Maritimes.

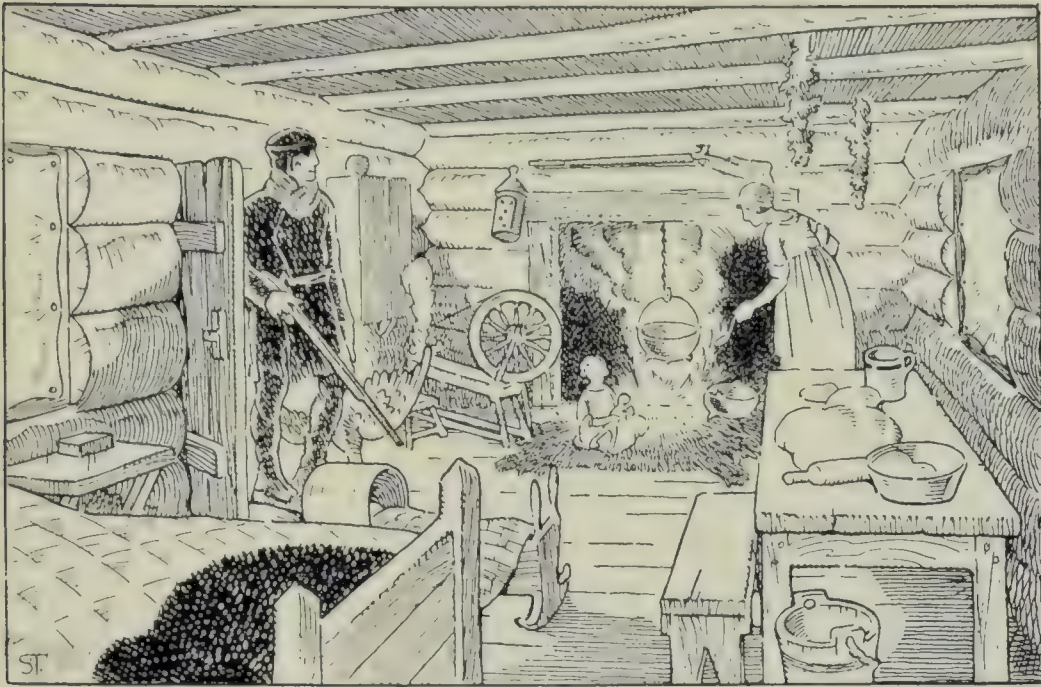
CHAPTER XV

IN A LOYALIST HOME

Before we leave the Loyalists of the Maritime Provinces it might be interesting to pay a visit to one of the Loyalist families. Which settlement shall we choose for our visit, the one at Shelburne in Nova Scotia, or the one at St. John in New Brunswick, or would you like to go to Prince Edward Island where the people are busy planting apple trees? If we go to Shelburne we shall certainly hear a great deal about shipping timber to England, for in the first days of the colony everyone expected to get rich in the shipping trade. If we go to St. John the conversation will be quite different; everyone will be saying to everyone else that "soon now it will be no trouble whatever to go to Pictou for a visit, what with having a regular weekly boat service."

You would like to go to Shelburne? Very well, then. You have chosen Shelburne, I suppose, because you have read that it was a lively place with parties and political meetings and a great deal of building, especially ship-building.

So here we are in Shelburne in about the year 1788. Do you notice that there is one long street of shops and that some of them, at least, have rather fine fronts?



INTERIOR OF A LOYALIST HOME.

From a drawing by Stanley Turner.

Shall we go into this one that is kept by a widow of the name of Winslow?

“Have you come to Shelburne to start up in business?” Mrs. Winslow asks us. When we tell her that we have not, she says it is as well, for Shelburne has all the shops it needs, one long street of them in fact, and some of them with “noble fronts indeed”. She tells us that there was rioting and quarrelling before all the shop sites were secured, because some people thought that the division of land was made unfairly.

“If it is work you want in Shelburne,” Mrs. Winslow advises us, “You would do well to go to one of the newspapers for there are three of them here.”

Three newspapers in Shelburne in the year 1788! We are astonished and Mrs. Winslow says laughingly, "'Tis but too true, and they all took sides in the election, too, but the 'Blues' won, for all the 'Reds' made a great fuss."

Mrs. Winslow tells us many more interesting things about the settlements. She says that Negro refugees are building a neat little town called Birchtown, not far from Shelburne, and that they are clearing the land for farms. Perhaps the most interesting piece of information she gives us, is that a bishop by the name of Inglis is going to open an academy at Windsor within a few weeks, and that "there will be no excuse for young people growing up in ignorance like heathen."

While we are chatting with Mrs. Winslow a customer comes to the shop, and we draw him into our conversation. He says that three years ago the people had nothing but rotten pork, provided by His Majesty, and unbaked flour, but that now everyone is feeling prosperous and happy. "And so we should," he says, "for we are building 'wind-jammers' that will sail over the world. Our first ships have gone to Brazil to hunt for whales, and already two ship loads of timber are on their way to England."

If we had chosen to go to St. John, no doubt we would have heard a great deal about the fleet of birch-bark canoes that the Governor had built for passenger service between Pictou and St. John. And certainly someone would have drawn our attention to the flocks



NEW BRUNSWICK FASHIONABLES, FREDERICTON, JANUARY, 1834.

of pigeons that were everywhere, and have told us the story of the first arrival of pigeons at the settlement. They came in great numbers and so suddenly that no one could tell from where they came. The men took shots at them, and the women got out their baking-boards ready to make pigeon pie. When the pigeons were being prepared for the pies the housewives discovered beans in their crops, and these beans the thrifty settlers used for seed, and so they had their first green beans.

CHAPTER XVI

LIFE ON A QUEBEC SEIGNEURY

You have read of the great intendant, Jean Baptiste Talon, who brought horses, cattle and sheep from France for distribution among the farmers of Quebec. No doubt you know, too, that he summoned the farmers' sons to Quebec to help build the ship that later carried fish and timber to the West Indies. Perhaps you know that Talon set men to work to build a highway from Quebec to Acadia. If you know no more than these few facts about Talon's enterprise in New France, you will realize that he had great confidence in the country becoming the home of thousands of prosperous, happy people. When his term of office as Intendant of New France was over and he returned to France, he left the people well contented with their lot. They had comfortable houses, good herds of cattle and sheep, and they were having good crops. The Governor of New France, Count Frontenac, had their interests at heart, too, and made certain that they were well protected from the Indians.

It is no wonder then, that with good reports going back to France new settlers arrived each spring. There were many seigneuries along the shores of the St. Lawrence River, and when the boats arrived from France it was the custom of the seigneurs to gather at

the landing-place and ask the new arrivals to join their seigneurie. Shall we pretend that we are in Quebec about the year 1700, listening to a conversation between a seigneur of New France and an eager young immigrant who has just landed? First the seigneur says that he has a strong fort on his land, and that it is within easy distance of all his farms. "Neither you nor your family need ever be in any danger," he says. "You can run to it from the field and your wife can run to it from the house."

The idea of having to run startles the new comer and the seigneur hastens to allay his fears. He says, "Of course, it is not likely that you will have to run, for the Iroquois are well in check now. Every seigneurie along the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu has arms, and every seigneur is a soldier himself and has soldiers in his house."

The bargain is almost made, but the prospective tenant has one important question to ask. He wants to know what the rent is and when it has to be paid. The seigneur answers that the rent is but a few pennies, to be paid once a year; and he adds, "There is one other payment and that is one fat fowl at the turn of each season." Perhaps instead of asking for a "fat fowl" he asks for a bushel of threshed grain.

So now our new-comer has found a farm in New France, and he and his family hurry from the landing-place to the sturdy cart, ox-driven, that the seigneur has brought with him. We wave to them as they de-



A SEIGNEUR SUPERINTENDING THE CLEARING OF HIS LAND.

From a painting by C. W. Jefferys, R.C.A. (Manoir Richelieu Collection).

part, and as we watch them go trundling away up the hill and into the gloomy forest we cannot help feeling a little sorry for them. They will have to work very hard, for the farm land will be hidden in underbrush and trees, no doubt. Their farm-house, which they may have to build, will be a tiny log cabin, and every time that madame has bread to bake she will have to carry her dough through the woods to the seigneur's house, for it is the only house on the seigneurie that has a bake-oven.

Before we leave our new-comers, let us have one

more glimpse of them. It is the end of a harvest season, and the farmer has come to pay his dues to the seigneur. He walks to the front door of the seigneurie house and knocks. It is opened by the seigneur himself, and the farmer drops to his knees before him and bows his head. He says, "Monsieur, I bring you the faith and homage I am bound to bring you on account of my fief, which I hold as a man of faith of your seigneurie, and I declare now that I offer to pay my seigneurial and feudal dues in their season, and I demand of you that you accept me in faith and homage as aforesaid."

After each farmer has bowed before the seigneur and said words such as these, and after he has made a statement to him of the number of persons living on his farm, the acreage he has under cultivation, and the extent of his crops, they with their families gather in merry-making in the great hall of the seigneurie house. The seigneur's family joins with them in dancing, jesting and feasting, but the seigneur himself is much too busy to have a share in the party. He is having the busiest day of the year, for he is counting "fat fowl", pennies and bushels of wheat. As the day draws to sun-down he does leave his books long enough to pass a flagon of brandy around among his tenants.

Hard though the life of the seigneurial tenant may have been, it was pleasant, too, with its merry-making on St. Martin's Day and at Christmas, and with the knowledge that he and his family were building homes in a country that gave every promise of comfort and

prosperity. So each year saw some new settlers come to Canada, and each year sons and daughters of the seigneuries and of the farm-houses married and set up homes of their own. When the Lilies of France gave place to the flag of England in 1760 there were between sixty and sixty-five thousand people in the country. The great majority of these were seigneurial tenants, and few, if any of them, had any desire to return to France. They loved France as their mother-land, but Canada was their own country where they had built their homes and tilled the soil.

No doubt when the victory of the English was first acclaimed they felt many misgivings, but these were soon allayed by Governor Murray, who issued this proclamation: "All Canadians are at liberty to return to their parishes, to take possession of the lands, dwellings, and effects belonging to them, to reap their harvests, to practise their religion without the least impediment on the part of the English, who have not come to ruin and destroy the Canadians, but to enable them to enjoy the mildness of a just and equitable government."

The First Years After the Conquest

This kindly policy of Governor Murray's did much to promote a feeling of goodwill and confidence between the conquered and the conquerors. When Governor Murray was recalled the seigneurs sent a memorial to

the king of England in which they said: "The Honourable James Murray in 1759, surrounded by Canadians whom he must have regarded as his enemies, has had only indulgence for them; from that time he gained our hearts."

When Sir Guy Carleton replaced Murray he followed the same policy of kindness and consideration, but for all his generosity difficulties did arise, and these chiefly because the small number of English inhabitants tried to assert claims for governing the country as they wished. These English settlers were largely disbanded soldiers and adventurers who hurried to Quebec from the south, in the hope of securing some of the spoils of a conquered country. They began to drift into Canada immediately after the taking of Quebec, and Governor Murray wrote a wrathful description of them in one of his reports to the king. He said in part: "They are the most immoral collection of men I ever knew and little calculated to make our new subjects enamoured with our laws, religion, and customs."

Both Murray and Carleton had to take stern measures with these English settlers who called themselves "the King's Old Subjects", and in a very few years they had a particular reason for being thankful for the generosity accorded "the King's New Subjects". When the colonies to the south revolted against British rule they expected to secure assistance from the conquered peoples of Quebec, but it was not given them. The people of Quebec had had enough of war; their new



THE HABITANT FARM.

From a painting by Cornelius Krieghoff.

governors gave every promise of permitting them to live securely on their farms in the enjoyment of their religion and their method of government. Some few habitants did give attentive ears to the extravagant promises of the rebels, but their priests and seigneurs who, to a man, were staunchly loyal to Britain, soon led them to see the errors of their judgment.

When the American War of Independence was over, and the thirteen colonies were proclaimed an independent country, those who had remained loyal to Britain sought new homes in Canada. You have already read of the settlements that were founded in the Maritime Provinces, and in the following chapter

you will learn of Loyalists coming to what is now the province of Ontario. In order to get to Ontario it was necessary for many of the refugees to pass through Quebec, and quite a number of families took up land there, particularly in the district about Sorel and in the crown lands of the Gaspé Peninsula.

Several English statesmen, chief among them Lord North, thought that the United Empire Loyalists should be permitted to settle in that part of Quebec which borders on the New England States and which is now known as the Eastern Townships. Governor Carleton realized, however, that it would not be wise to have them living close to men whom they had fought against so recently. After the War of 1812, however, quite a number of farmers from Vermont did go into that district, and later, too, occasional immigrants from the British Isles settled there, with the result that that region has become the one English-speaking district of the province.

The present French population of Quebec is due almost entirely to normal expansion, and not to the influx of peoples seeking new homes.

CHAPTER XVII

THE FIRST SETTLERS IN ONTARIO

We have taken many journeys backward in time in this book, and several of the journeys have taken us to Great Britain and to France. The one on which we are to go now is to the year 1784, and the distance for some of us will not be very great, for we are going to a part of our own country that is now eastern Ontario. The day on which we arrive is one of late June or early July, and the exact place is the County of Glengarry. At once we become part of a throng of people who look tired and anxious. For all their anxiety, however, we see them smile frequently and hear them remark to one another hopefully that soon, very soon now, they will have homes of their own once more. One person after another tells his neighbour that the reports of the land are good. Someone tells us that nearly fifteen hundred people have come to this part of Upper Canada within the last few weeks.

Now, of course, you want to know from where they have come and why they have come. There is no need to tell you what they are going to do, for you have read enough about finding new homes in Canada to know that most of them are going to clear the land and grow crops, and that a few will be shop-keepers, blacksmiths, and carpenters. If you will compare the date of their

coming, 1784, with the dates of the arrivals of United Empire Loyalists in the Maritime Provinces, you will probably know why they have come. Yes, these people are United Empire Loyalists. They have left the country to the south, which a few years before became the United States of America, because they are staunchly loyal to Great Britain. Their journey to Glengarry has been a long one. When you know how long, and how they have had to live since they left their homes to the south, you will understand why their tired faces light up with joyous smiles, when they hear that soon they may once more be in homes of their own.

Many of these people have been without homes for three or four years. After the American War of Independence was over they could not live in the United States, and they made their way, sometimes under the guidance of friendly Indians, to British territory. They arrived in what is now the province of Quebec. The first comers were billeted with French families, but as more and more came they were gathered together at Sorel, in a settlement of huts and barracks. As still more and more came, they took up temporary settlement in the triangle of land between Montreal, Three Rivers, and Lake Champlain. They were given blankets, beds, and medicines from the King's Stores, that is from supplies provided by the British Government, but they were uncomfortable and miserable, as you will know when you read that in one section two hun-



OLD LOG SCHOOLHOUSE.

From a drawing by Stanley Turner.

dred and forty persons had to live in twelve small houses.

If our book could be a long one, we could set down many interesting stories about these new-comers to Canada, who were almost the first persons to seek new homes in what is now the province of Ontario. Let us continue our imaginary journey and walk among the people for a little while and talk with those who seem willing to answer our questions. We see at a glance that they are tall and thin and very stern looking. The first question we ask brings us an answer in deep Highland tones. It is true, indeed, that these people belong to the Highlands of Scotland. They left their

hills and glens for the same reason that many of the settlers of the Maritime Provinces sought new homes. They were driven out by land-owners who wished to turn the farm land into sheep ranches. They tell us of another reason they had for coming to America. Their prince, Bonnie Prince Charlie, whom they loved dearly, tried to become king of England and Scotland. Many of them fought for his cause, and when he was defeated they had no wish to remain in Scotland. They came to America about 1750, and now, a little more than thirty years after, with their children and grandchildren, are seeking new homes again.

They are stalwart men and women, full of courage and kindliness, and as we leave them to return to our own times, we know that they will be hard-working and persevering. Shall we pause a moment to ask the names of several of them? The answer is Macdonnell; the next answer is the same and so is the next. There were, in fact, eighty-four men of that name in this band of pioneers to eastern Ontario, and the names they gave their settlements were taken from their native Scotland—Glenelg, Strathglass, Glen Roy, and Glen Donald. Their county, which is the most easterly one of Ontario, they named Glengarry.

These settlers who founded Glengarry walked to their new homes through many miles of swamp and forest. In an old diary containing records of the journey this story is told¹:

¹Related by John MacLennan.

“A man whom I knew was the subject of the following incident. His mother carried two young children on her back. In the weary journey through the woods she thought her burden had become lighter, and discovered that she had dropped one [child]. On retracing her steps some distance she found the youngster quietly sleeping beside a decayed log over which she had passed, with hands begrimed with earth. He [the child] lived to an old age, well known by the name of ‘Spogan Dubh’ (black paws)—the exclamation of his mother on finding him.”

A few of the Loyalists who came to eastern Ontario, or Upper Canada as it was then called, came from the southern part of the United States. In one old diary there is a record of travellers who came on foot from Georgia, becoming so hungry that they had to kill a dog for food. And the share of the feast that one poor boy got was no more than a paw!

These Highland settlers were given generous grants of land in Upper Canada. Many of the men had fought against the rebels in the American War of Independence, and to each man who had been a private soldier one hundred acres of land on the river-front was given, and in addition he was allotted two hundred acres some distance from the shores of the river. His children, too, were provided with land when they came of age. Moreover, the new settlers were supplied with tools, food, clothing, and seed. One cow was to have been given to every two families, but it was not

possible to do this, for the supply was not great enough.

These Highlanders, whose coming has been described, were not the first to come to Canada. They followed three hundred who arrived in 1776 under the leadership of an Irish priest. This first little group built a small town called New Johnstown, and in this town stores of supplies were kept. It was to New Johnstown that the settlers went to get their hoes, rakes, whip-saws, cross-cut saws, and other supplies. It was here, too, that new arrivals waited in tents and log cabins until they received their grants of land. This settlement has now grown into the beautiful city of Cornwall.

As soon as the Highland settlers were well-established on their farms and were confident that the land was indeed "a goodly one", they wrote to their friends in Scotland advising them to seek new homes in Canada. Conditions were very bad in Scotland at this time, and in a few months a party of five hundred arrived in Glengarry. At about the same time groups of German Loyalists arrived in eastern Ontario. These German Loyalists had lived for a time in England after they had left Germany. From England they had gone to the United States, and from the United States they came to Canada.

Those in charge of assigning land to the last group of Loyalists to come in the year 1784 were slow in their work, with the result that, although most of the people had arrived early in the summer, many were still with-



BEGINNING A HOME.

out land when the autumn came. The murmurings of discontent grew louder as the chill of autumn increased to the cold of winter, and fear was added to the protests when it became known that Governor Haldimand had received instructions to cut off food and clothing rations.

Another winter in gloomy barracks! You can imagine how miserable these landless people, whose hearts had been set on being in their own log shanties for winter, must have felt. Governor Haldimand ignored his instructions, however, and the people were clothed and fed. The first warm days of spring found them ready and eager for the journey westward, and some

had land ready for seeding in the early summer. Then came another disappointment, and a very trying one, too. They had land and the necessary saws for felling trees, and implements for tilling the soil, but they had no seed. No wonder some became so discouraged that they sold their rights to land in Canada and returned to the United States.

Captain Sherwood, who was one of the soldiers in charge of this group of Loyalists, wrote a report about the condition of the Bay of Quinté settlement at this time, in which he said: "It has made rapid progress, but the people are disheartened on account of the want of seed wheat . . . The savages are beginning to steal and kill the cattle, and are threatening the women and children."

Gradually, however, along the shores of the St. Lawrence, the Bay of Quinté and Lake Ontario land was cleared and farmsteads, pasture fields, and log cabins appeared. The new-comers began to have a sense of security in their homes, and as confidence in themselves and their land grew, they became anxious to improve conditions for themselves and their children. A petition addressed to the governor was passed among them for signatures, asking that at least three schools, post offices, and churches be established between Montreal and Kingston. A further clause in the petition asked that markets be opened at various places for the exchange of goods.

When the first Loyalists came into Upper Canada

and for a few years afterward, they were under the governorship of Sir Frederick Haldimand, who was stationed in Quebec. In 1791 Upper Canada was made a separate province, and a lieutenant-governor, John Graves Simcoe, was sent out from England. He was accompanied by his wife, who kept a diary¹ of her life in Upper Canada and made many sketches of interesting scenes. In it she describes the reception given them when they were travelling up the St. Lawrence:

“At a small inn on the Point au Bodet we found the principal inhabitants of the Township of Glengarry (Highlanders in their national dress). They came to meet the Governor who landed to speak to them. They preceded us in their boat, a piper with them, towards Glengarry House, Mr. McDonnell’s, where the gentlemen went.”

¹*The Diary of Mrs. Simcoe*, with notes and a biography by J. Ross Robertson, was published in 1911 and reprinted in 1934.

CHAPTER XVIII

FURTHER WEST IN UPPER CANADA

Doubtless there were many gay and brilliant parties in England in the year 1776, but here we are interested in only one of them, a dazzling and exciting affair that was held in one of the most magnificent houses of London. Likely it began in the early afternoon and lasted until the late evening. The guests assembled with marked punctuality for this party. Neither did they dally in the dressing-rooms, waiting for special friends to arrive. Once their wraps were checked, they hurried to the reception room. Conversation hummed at a great pace and with a high tone of suppressed eagerness. If we had been there we soon would have observed that everyone was talking about one person. "He is tall and so handsome," one woman told another. "He wears his native costume as a prince wears his robes of state," another said. "He is a man of distinction and education," one man said, and another told that his grandfather had met five Indian chiefs more than sixty years before, when they had come to England to visit Queen Anne. "This man," he said, "is a descendant of one of those, and by all reports he is as distinguished as his illustrious ancestor."

Who was this man who took London society by storm? If we had been there, we would have heard

many young women struggling laughingly to say his name. We would have caught it easily, probably, for it is a name well known to many Canadians, especially to those living in eastern Ontario. His name was Thayendanegea, but to most of his English-speaking friends he was known as Joseph Brant, and the reason for his being in London at this time, was that he had gone there to talk to the king and to the ministers of state about the rebellion that had broken in America, that is the rebellion that is known as the American War of Independence.

At the party we have mentioned, other things were probably whispered among the guests about Joseph Brant, for someone would be certain to know that he had told the king that he and all his people in the Mohawk Valley would be loyal to England. Of course at that time no one in England thought that the rebellion would be at all serious. Joseph Brant, however, knew then, and he warned his English friends, James Boswell, Charles Fox, and others, that it would be a bitter struggle. By the autumn of that year (1776) he was back in America leading his people in battle against the rebels.

When the war was over Brant asked Governor Haldimand that some provision be made for his people in Canada, and in 1784 six miles on each side of the Grand River from its mouth to its source was given to the Indians of the Six Nations. The tribesmen began to arrive immediately afterward, and within a few

years they had built their first church. This church, by the way, still stands and is visited every year by many persons interested in Canadian history. One of the treasures in the church is a part of a communion service, given by Queen Anne to the Indian chiefs who visited her in 1710, and carried by their descendants to their new home in Upper Canada.

A few years after the Indians had taken up their land along the Grand River, Upper Canada was made into a separate province, and John Graves Simcoe, whose name you already know, came from England to be the lieutenant-governor. One of his first official acts after his arrival at Niagara, then the temporary capital of Upper Canada, was to issue a proclamation offering free land to all who desired it. One condition only did he make, and that was that all persons taking up land must be loyal subjects of the king of England.

The Indians on the shores of the Grand River had by this time discovered that they had more land than they needed, and Governor Simcoe's proclamation resulted in them being able to sell what they did not want. Within a few months they had sold many acres to Loyalists, who for one reason or another had delayed their departure from the United States. At the turn of the century the Indians sold more land to immigrants, not Loyalists this time, but German Lutherans and Mennonites who were not happy after the revolution on their farms in Pennsylvania.

Governor Simcoe was anxious to have Upper Canada settled, and his efforts resulted in thousands of Loyalists and others pouring into the province. Not all of them, by any means, took up land in the Indian territory. They pushed farther west to the shores of Lake Erie. It should be pointed out, too, that not all these people came direct from the United States. Some had been on farms in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which they left, some said because the climate was too severe, and others said that they were dissatisfied with the government of the eastern provinces. No doubt the real reason for their coming was that they had heard of the generous land grants that were being given in Upper Canada.

As you read this book you will find frequent mention made of the United Empire Loyalists, for in these two chapters alone it would be impossible to record all the places of their settlement, or the part they took in opening up the country. One other settlement of Loyalists was of considerable importance, and that was the one on the shores of the Detroit River. This settlement had its beginning in the first years after the revolution, but a great many Loyalists did not come until near the close of the century. When you read the chapter entitled "On the Shores of the Detroit River" you will find out the reason for their delay. With the coming of these last-mentioned Loyalists the total numbered about ten thousand, and they were scattered in little settlements from the east to the south-west of the prov-

ince, but chiefly at Cornwall, Kingston, on the banks of the Grand River, Niagara and opposite the American city of Detroit, which was a British town until 1796, for it was one of the western posts kept by Great Britain after the Revolution.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FORERUNNERS OF ENGLISH SETTLEMENT

You must not think that the United Empire Loyalists came into Upper Canada over unexplored trails. The first stories you read of our country were about Champlain, Frontenac, Jesuit missionaries, La Salle, La Vérendrye and other explorers, missionaries, and governors.

You will recall that Champlain travelled up the Ottawa River to Lake Nipissing, and that in the same year (1615) he and his companion, Étienne Brûlé, were on the shores of Lake Ontario. Indeed, Étienne Brûlé was probably the first white man to look upon the waters of Lake Ontario. Champlain had remained in the north, near the present town of Penetanguishene, with their Indian allies, while Brûlé went with a party of Hurons to ask the help of the warriors of the Andastes in a war against the Iroquois. Their journey took them by way of the Holland and Humber Rivers and Lake Ontario to the Niagara River, and thence on foot to the home of the Andastes on the shore of the Susquehanna River. After the war against the Hurons ended in disaster, Champlain returned to Quebec, but Brûlé remained in the Huron country. He and another Frenchman named Grenolle explored the shores of

Lake Huron, and in one report sent to Champlain at Quebec they told of seeing the rapids of the St. Mary River.

For ten years after Champlain's journey into what is now the central part of Ontario, Father Le Caron and other Récollet missionaries lived in the Huron country, trying patiently to convert the Indians to Christianity. Later Jean Brébeuf, a Jesuit missionary, and eighteen others of his order, established a mission and built a fort near the site of the present town of Midland. At first this mission prospered, but after a number of years the Iroquois waged such bitter war that the Hurons and priests who survived sought refuge in Quebec.

During these years French fur-traders were in the country, and each year they took out rich cargoes of furs. Sometimes they travelled on foot through the forest, but usually they took their course over the rivers and lakes. For nearly sixteen years after the Iroquois had so mercilessly driven the Hurons and missionaries from the country, however, few if any fur-traders ventured far into the interior. The next man whose courage was equal to an expedition into this wild country was La Salle, and he, probably, would not have undertaken it, had he not been eager to find a way to China and thought that he might reach it by westward travel.

This expedition of La Salle's ended in dismal failure. It and other early expeditions are mentioned

here only to remind you that the first English settlers did not come into unexplored country. They did, however, venture into country that had few, very few settlements.

One of these settlements was started by the French governor, Frontenac, who, when he came to Canada, was anxious to build up a vast empire that would extend far west from Montreal. As a first step in empire-building he set himself to win the friendship of the fierce Iroquois tribes, whom he summoned to a meeting at Cataraqui. While he talked to them in friendly fashion his men built a fort, then called Fort Frontenac. A settlement of traders and storekeepers grew up there, and for many years the Iroquois brought their furs to Fort Frontenac, and from there the traders got their supplies. This settlement was, in fact, nothing more than an outpost of the fur trade business, and so was one started at about the same time in what is now Prince Edward county, although this last-mentioned one owed its beginning to a group of Sulpician friars who were determined to Christianize the Indians. These settlements are referred to here because they were the first in Ontario in which white people built homes and tilled the soil.

In the chapter before this one something was said of United Empire Loyalists settling on the shores of the Detroit River, and in a later chapter a further account of settlement in that district will be given. Here we wish to tell you of the first opening up of that

part of Upper Canada. We do so at this particular time because it is closely related to the enterprise that caused Fort Frontenac to be built. It was undertaken by the French to strengthen their position in the fur trade industry. The country itself, you will be interested to know, was explored by a French priest called Louis Jolliet, who was followed a few years later by La Salle, about whom you have read.

It was at the beginning of the eighteenth century (1701), that is a little more than eighty years before the United Empire Loyalists came to Upper Canada in search of new homes, that the French governor of Quebec sent Antoine Cadillac to establish a fur-trading post on the shores of the Detroit River. He left Montreal with twenty-five canoes, manned by fifty soldiers and fifty *voyageurs*, and followed the fur-traders' route to the west by way of the Ottawa River and Georgian Bay. Forty-nine days later the party reached the site of the present city of Detroit, and within a few hours Cadillac and his assistant, Captain Tonty, had chosen the exact location for their fort. In addition to the fort and palisades, houses and a church were built. Long before the snow fell the settlement was entirely enclosed by a stockade.

A year later the first women came to the settlement, which was called Pontchartrain. They were Madame Cadillac and Madame Tonty, the wives of the two founders. Perhaps you would like to have a glimpse of the little community to which they came on a hot mid-

summer's day. They must have been tired, for their journey would have taken as long as that of their husbands the year before. They would have crossed at least thirty portages, and all the way their patience would have been tried by mosquitoes and black flies.

At last the two women sitting near each other in the *bateau*¹ see the gray palisades of the settlement. They are weary, and many times in the last two months they have been greatly discouraged, but now they clap their hands and cry out joyously. At last they have come to their home. They do not see that the houses are rude, unpainted buildings, with roofs so out of plumb that they appear to be sliding off. They see nothing, in fact, but the happy faces of the men, both Indians and whites, who have gathered to welcome them.

Within a few days they have unpacked the treasures they have brought from Montreal. There is a crucifix for the main room of the house and a picture of the Madonna to place above each bed. One of them had a small loom on which to weave woollen cloth. In the days that followed, if they grew homesick and longed for the comforts and society of gay Montreal, their husbands reminded them of the success of the enterprise at Detroit. Business was good; the Indians liked the French brandy and were bringing in fine, heavy cargoes of furs.

Within a few years the little happy-go-lucky colony that had prosperous farmers as well as storekeepers and *voyageurs* had extended to the opposite side of the

¹A flat-bottomed row-boat thirty or forty feet long.

river to where Amherstburg, Sandwich, Windsor, and Walkerville now are. And truly it was a thriving community, no longer dependent on the fur trade for its existence. Seigneurs had built manor-houses, and soldiers, released from military service, had built homes and leased farms from them. When the English took Canada from the French (1763) this settlement had grown to a population of well over two thousand. It was French, of course, and it remained almost entirely French until near the close of the eighteenth century, although a few United Empire Loyalists did reach there in the first years after the revolution.

It should be repeated, perhaps, that this account of fur trade settlement is given here for no other reason than to emphasize the fact that the United Empire Loyalists did not come into unexplored territory. They came, in some cases at least, as you have read, into country where farms had already been laid out, and crops sown and reaped for more than thirty years. This was true not only of the district along the banks of the Detroit River, but of that where Toronto now stands. The Toronto trading-post, however, did not have anything like the success of that on the Detroit River, and it did not extend its industry to farming. In ten years, so it has been recorded, no more than three hundred acres were cleared, and that probably only because wood was needed for fuel, and not because the soil was used for crops. More about the Toronto settlement will be set down in a later chapter.

CHAPTER XX

UPPER CANADA'S FIRST GOVERNOR

In two other chapters you have read something about the first lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada, Colonel John Graves Simcoe. You know, for instance, that when he and Mrs. Simcoe arrived in Cornwall on their journey from Montreal to Niagara, they were greeted enthusiastically by settlers garbed in Highland costume and led by a piper. You know, too, that Governor Simcoe encouraged United Empire Loyalists and others to seek new homes in Upper Canada, that, in fact, he made but one demand of them, and that was that they take the oath of allegiance to the king of England. Because Governor Simcoe had such an important part in developing Upper Canada, it is necessary, before we describe the various settlements in the province, to give an account of him and his work in Canada.

John Graves Simcoe was a sturdy, strong-minded soldier. He had fought in the American War of Independence, and at its close he returned to England more intensely loyal to his king and his country, if that were possible, than he had been before. He became a member of Parliament and participated with such fervour and intelligence in the discussion about making Upper Canada into a separate province, that he was appointed to be the new province's first lieutenant-governor.



OPENING OF THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF UPPER CANADA BY LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR JOHN GRAVES SIMCOE.

From a painting by J. D. Kelly and reproduced by the courtesy of the Confederation Life Association.

Colonel Simcoe took his duties very seriously. He felt that his position was an important one, and he set himself to do his work well and thoroughly. As soon as the first Parliament of Upper Canada had met and passed at least one important piece of legislation, which was that no slaves¹ should be brought into the country, Governor Simcoe set out to see for himself what manner of country it was his task to govern. Perhaps you have seen pictures of this journey. In case you have not, we shall try to make one in words for you.

¹Upper Canada was the first British colony to pass this legislation.

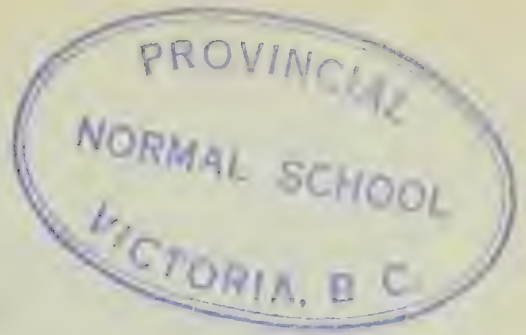
On a very cold day in February Governor Simcoe stepped into a sleigh, wrapped himself in heavy blankets, drew a fur cap well down over his ears, and told his driver that he was ready for the journey. The horses were swift and prancing, and they took the sleigh skimming over the frozen swamps and rivers at a fine speed. The snow had gleams of gold in the sunlight; the trees were darkly green; the sky was blue with pale, feathery clouds. The countryside pleased the robust governor. He may not have had visions of an empire as Frontenac had had, but certainly as he sat in his sleigh and saw the panorama of the new country unfolding before his eyes, he had visions of happy, prosperous people living in comfortable, spacious farm homes, and all of them loyal subjects of the English king. This journey lasted five weeks and during it the governor passed along the Thames, named, until his coming, the River La Tranche, to where London now stands, then to the site of the present city of Chatham, and from there to Detroit. He returned to Niagara more enthusiastic than ever about the country and strengthened in his resolve to have it opened up speedily for settlement. The reports which he sent to the Secretary for the Colonies must have been gratifying to the British Government, for they were anxious to send people to Canada rather than to have them go to the United States, which was no longer a British colony.

In the spring following this journey Toronto, then

called York, was chosen to be the capital of the new province, and Governor Simcoe and his family came there to live, at first in a canvas house.¹ By September, when all the country was magnificent in rich autumn colours, the governor once more set out on a journey of observation. This time he went north, at first on horseback, then by canoe up the lake which he named for his father, and continued northward on foot or by canoe to Matchedash Bay. Here he met the only white man who lived in that country, a man by the name of Cowan, who had made his living for fifteen years as a fur-trader. This journey, too, pleased the governor, and once more he sent good reports to England. They were, in effect, that Upper Canada was worthy of the best British settlers that could be sent to it. There was land and a comfortable livelihood for all those ready and strong enough to work.

When Governor Simcoe came to Upper Canada his first responsibility was to welcome United Empire Loyalists and see that they were assigned to their lands promptly. His next duty, and the most important one, was to give them a form of government based on English law that would satisfy them. During the time of his governorship, which lasted for five years, not many settlers came to Canada from Great Britain, for the wars with Napoleon were in progress then, and men were required for the army and the navy.

¹This particular tent had been used by Captain Cook when he was in the South Seas.



CHAPTER XXI

FROM THE OLD LAND TO THE NEW PROVINCE

Once Napoleon was defeated, conditions changed in the British Isles. Soldiers and sailors returned from the wars to find the country heavily burdened with taxes, and the market value of farm products, manufactured articles, and coal less than half what it had been during the war. In some districts coal-miners had but one day's work in a year. In Scotland weavers who, during the war, had received twenty-five shillings a week, earned no more than five shillings. Circumstances were so sad that many decided to seek new homes across the Atlantic, and as the British Government was anxious that they should settle in a British colony rather than in the United States,¹ they were encouraged to come to Upper Canada.

In a book entitled *The Great Migration*² you may read of how these much-tried people came to Canada in the closing years of the eighteenth century and the first decades of the nineteenth century. In it their leave-taking of their native lands is described, followed by accounts of the privations of the ocean voyage, and the various receptions accorded them when they landed in

¹In 1814 it was said that ten persons emigrated to the United States for every one to the British Colonies.

²Written by Edwin C. Guillet.



DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS FROM WATERLOO DOCKS, LIVERPOOL.

From a sketch in the *Illustrated London News*.

America. The following paragraph written by an eyewitness is quoted in it and describes the arrival of pioneers in Canada:

"It is a curious and rather painful sight to watch the emptying of a newly-arrived cargo of emigrants on the unknown shore. Squalid, thinly clad, . . . you instantly distinguish the bony Irishman with his wife and all the children. . . They slide their bundle—their all of worldly wealth—down a plank, and having drawn it aside on the dock, they hang helplessly around it, the children tumbling on it, till the ship has disgorged her motley company, and all are ready to appear at the Emigrant Office . . . And again a rosy, round-checked Englishman [comes] with his deal box painted red.

Each pours forth with a load to carry or care for, like the busy population on an ant-hill, and group after group sit or watch their slender store. What will become of them all?"

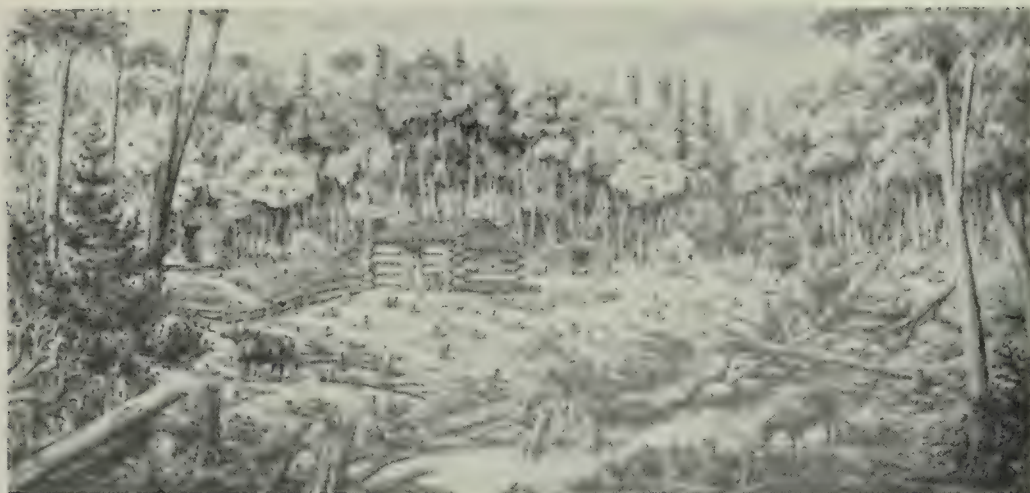
Shall we try to answer that question, in part, at least?

Certainly they were not at their journey's end, and that knowledge, coming as a surprise to many of the new arrivals, caused as much dismay as it did astonishment. Nor was the hardship of the journey over. They had before them miles upon miles of land and water travel. They would have to sit huddled in open boats for hours, with the sun's rays or rain beating down on them. They would have to walk over blazed trails through dense forests, carrying their children in their arms and packs on their backs, or be jolted in springless wagons drawn by oxen over roads deep in mud. They might have food left from the stores they took on board ship for their ocean voyage, but if they did not, they would have to stand in long queues waiting to buy a little boiled beef or pork and fresh bread. It was meagre fare and sold sparingly, but it was high-priced and often far from appetizing.

Now where were they going? Some of them knew, but quite as many had given no thought to their destination other than that they were going to Upper Canada. Indeed we can answer that question more readily than many of the new-comers could on the day of their arrival. They were going to the newly made settlement in

Glengarry County, or they were going north to take up land on the shores of the Ottawa River, or they were going to continue westward past Cornwall, Kingston, Myersville (Belleville), Cobourg, and on to York (Toronto), and there to be directed to land north or west of the capital. They might, if they came in the second, third, or fourth decades of the nineteenth century have been sent into the Peterborough district or into the central part of the counties bordering Lake Ontario. If they came at any time from 1845 onward, for nearly twenty years, they might have been sent west from Toronto into Wellington or Waterloo Counties and from there, if they were not satisfied with the land available, into Grey, Huron or other northern counties, known then as the "Queen's Bush".

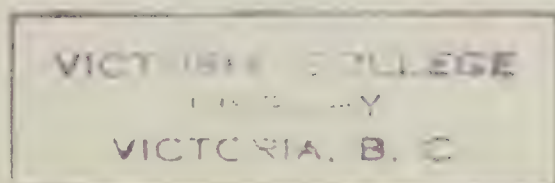
Let us, for a few paragraphs, be new-comers to Canada. The year may be any one of your choosing in the first half of the nineteenth century. If your ancestors came to Canada during this time doubtless you will want to choose the year of their arrival. Not only may you choose the year of your coming, but the place from which you have come. Perhaps you were a weaver in Glasgow, who, while Napoleon was terrorizing Europe, earned good wages and afterward had little or no work. Perhaps you were a miner in the north of England, or perhaps you were a farmer in England or Ireland who could not find a market for your farm produce, and so could not pay your heavy taxes or rent. Really it matters little what we were in



THE SHANTY IN THE BUSH.

the British Isles—soldier, sailor, miner, weaver, farmer, office clerk—here we are in the nineteenth century, come to Canada to find land which we may farm. Few of us have rosy dreams of great wealth, but we do treasure in our hearts the sweet vision of homes of our own, unmolested by the menace of no work and no wages.

How happy we were when the ocean ship on which we were passengers docked at Quebec. "To-morrow," we thought, "we may be selecting the spot on which to build our first Canadian home." But what is that we hear? Someone is shouting that all passengers should transfer their baggage at once to the steamer for Montreal. We ask eagerly how soon we shall get there and shudder with dismay when we are told that we shall have to stand on the deck all night and perhaps for two days as well.



At last we were in Montreal, heavy-eyed and ill with longing for our homeland. Oh, so miserably ill, but we smiled nevertheless, and kept our lips firmly set, when the Canada Company's agent told us that if all went well we should be in Prescott in six days, and certainly in twelve even if the winds were unfavourable. The boat in which we bought our passage from Montreal was called a Durham¹ boat, but before we could board it we had to walk nine miles from Montreal to Lachine, where we rested at Mrs. Campbell's Inn before sailing through Lake St. Louis. At a place called Split Rock we had to leave the boat and walk to the head of Cedar Rapids, where we helped to re-load the boat and continued our journey almost to Cornwall. Once more we had to portage, and we were happy when our French-Canadian boatmen told us that from there on the journey would not be so difficult. At last we were in Prescott, but not before horses and oxen had helped us at Point Iroquois. We did not stop at Prescott, but continued at surprisingly good speed and with no interruptions into the waters of Lake Ontario.

"Not one mile beyond Kingston will I go," one woman said decisively but with such sadness in her voice that everyone felt sorry for her. And no wonder, for her baby was sick, and her little son had the flushed cheeks and bright eyes of one growing into a fever.

Many left the ship at Kingston, but we continued, for we had been told of land west of York (Toronto).

¹Named for its inventor, Robert Durham of Pennsylvania. They were flat-bottomed and often eighty to ninety feet long.



FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER SETTLEMENT.

At last we saw the deep forest glade of the peninsula opposite the harbour, and its coolness and quiet beauty filled us with strange happiness. We were coming close to our promised land, or so we thought as we left the boat.

The shipping agent in York was a bustling fellow, full of self-importance and eager not to give us advice, but commands. "How far westward is Guelph?" we asked him and he said, "Would you go there when you could go to the newer town of Goderich, or into Perth County. I tell you Perth County is the place for you. No end of land there—and no end of trees either. Try Perth or Goderich or even the Talbot settlement. It is booming now."

But that we would not do, and after three days in York we bought a wagon and oxen and started out for Guelph. For the first few miles the road surprised us

by its smoothness. However, no sooner had we become accustomed to the steady jolting of up hill and down again, than we began to have variety in our progress. We dipped down; we plunged forward; we bounced up like rubber balls. All in a moment we dipped down, plunged forward and bounced up together, and we came to rest in a ditch of muddy water, brackens, and tree stumps. After that we walked, that is after we got our wagon lifted from the ditch, and after three days of steady walking and as many nights of sleeping by campfires with the stars above us, we came to the land that quite evidently was that described in our papers.

This is but a brief account of what might have been our experiences had we been emigrants to Upper Canada a little more than a hundred years ago. In the following chapters are descriptions of some of the more important settlements in the province.

CHAPTER XXII

IN THE DISTRICT OF THE OTTAWA RIVER

In the last chapter we imagined that we were emigrants to Canada from the British Isles. In the following four chapters, which may be long ones, we are going to write an account of the settlement of various districts in Upper Canada. Very little, if anything, however, will be said of the United Empire Loyalists settlements, other than the one on the bank of the Detroit River, because they have been dealt with in preceding chapters.

It would take us too long to go on an imaginary journey into each of the pioneer districts of Upper Canada, but you might find it a pleasant occupation to pretend that you are a boy or girl of the nineteenth century engaged in helping your parents build a new home in Upper Canada, and write a story of your experiences. There are various books to which you may go for information to assist you in doing this, and one which is probably in your library is *Early Life in Upper Canada*.¹ You might also get valuable assistance from some local history or some pioneer in your community, or perhaps among your family treasures there is a diary, written by one of your own ancestors who was a pioneer when he was no older than you are.

¹By Edwin C. Guillet.

However, whether you embark on imaginary adventures of your own or not, you may learn of the exploits of certain brave pioneers in the paragraphs that follow. There is no need to remind you that every journey into the unknown country required courage, and that every new settler had to face his task of land-clearing and home-building with the firm resolve that he would not let disappointments defeat him. You have read stories of gallant knights buckling on armour and going forth to battle with dragons. Our pioneer ancestors were no less gallant; a few of the dragons that assailed them were dense forests in which wild animals lurked, loneliness, for they were often far removed from their fellow-men, hunger, for their livelihood depended largely on their crops and upon hard work that frequently brought their physical endurance to breaking point.

Philemon Wright's Settlement

On a very cold day in December of the year 1800 a straggling cavalcade of covered sleighs moved slowly up the Ottawa River. It paused at frequent intervals, and men from one sleigh or another got down to test the ice, for they feared that it might be too light in places to bear the weight of their heavily-packed sleighs.

At last the tedious journey was over without mishap, if one does not call several attacks of frost-bite mishap, and the leader shouted in a fine, booming voice,

"Here before us is to be our new home. Set up your tents; unpack your supplies." This party of thirty men and women had come with their leader, Philemon Wright, from Massachusetts, and the place where they built their first Canadian homes was near the Chaudière Falls. Later they transferred them to where the present city of Hull now is, in Quebec, just across the river from the capital of Canada.

These people had come, not to look for good farm land, but to enter into the lumbering business. Mr. Wright had gone over the land four years before and had been so pleased with the prospects that he had persuaded some of his friends to return with him. They must have surveyed their new domain with mingled pleasure and dismay. The trees were magnificently tall and straight, but dark, angry faces of Indians peered from behind some of them. The Indians were appeased, however, when they were paid twenty dollars. The settlement grew in numbers and prosperity, and six years later Mr. Wright took his first raft of squared timber down the Gatineau River to Quebec.

Carleton County

The success of Philemon Wright's enterprise must have travelled far, for a few years after his first timber floated to Quebec, the son of a United Empire Loyalist arrived in what is now Nepean Township to take up his father's unclaimed land. Storekeepers who did business with fur-traders had been there before him,

but this young man, Ira Honeywell, was the first person to open up land in the Ottawa Valley. When he had built a log cabin and cleared four acres of land he went to Prescott to be married and returned with his wife. For nearly ten years the Honeywells lived almost alone in the wilderness, but for certain of Philemon Wright's settlers who entered the district to lumber.

The year 1819 saw an amazing change in the community. A regiment of soldiers was disbanded at Quebec, and the men were offered land in what is now Carleton County, if they wished to have it, instead of returning to Great Britain. In the month of August several hundred set out from Lachine in bateaux for their new homes. They disembarked at Richmond Landing and from there set out into the wilderness. The men who had been captains were granted eight hundred acres of land, the men who had been privates one hundred acres.

No doubt you would be interested to know what was included in their grant in addition to land. Each family had an axe, a broad axe, mattock, pick-axe, a spade, a shovel, hoe, scythe, knife, hammer, hand-saw, two scythe stones, twelve panes of glass, a pound of putty, twelve pounds of nails, a kettle, bed-tick and blanket. Additional tools and implements were assigned to each small community. And here is another piece of interesting information—the government sent a school-master into the settlement. Within a year Richmond Landing was a thriving town with at least ten stores,

a saw-mill, a grist-mill, four breweries, a town hall, and land set aside for a park and for the residences of the clergy.

This soldier settlement of which Richmond Landing was the centre, grew considerably during the next few years and extended into March Township. The land here was not very fertile, so the officers received from fifteen hundred to five thousand acres. Some of these officers did not attempt to clear their land but sold it at the first opportunity. And there were many opportunities, for conditions were so bad in Great Britain, following the close of the Napoleonic Wars, that many from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales were ready to buy.

You know already why many people left the hills and glens of Scotland, and you will learn more about it when you read of the Selkirk settlers in Western Canada. In 1818, that is the year that the first settlers came to Richmond Landing, a group of immigrants arrived from Perthshire and went into what is now Lanark County. Four years later they were followed by a colourful group of Highlanders who came under the stern guardianship of the chieftain of the clan, Archibald MacNab, called by them "*the MacNab*". You may have seen pictures of this rugged Scot who came to Canada resolved to be a clan leader and to rule his people in as commanding a fashion as had been his custom in the Highlands.

"*The MacNab*" received in all five thousand acres

of land for himself, and the land of one township bordering the Ottawa River was held in trust by him for his people. He required each head of a family who sought his leadership in coming to Canada to sign a bond promising to pay him thirty-six pounds for himself, thirty pounds for his wife, and sixteen pounds for each child. In return, the chief brought the man and his family to Canada and gave him one hundred acres of land. This was not the full requirement of the bond, for the laird said that each settler must give him one bushel of wheat each year for each acre of cleared land. For a few years the settlers complied with his demand, but as his sternness, to which they were accustomed, grew to greedy tyranny, they became very discontented. In the end, "*the MacNab*" after five years could not endure his growing unpopularity, and he left the country. With his departure one of the greatest attempts to set up clan rule in Upper Canada ended. The government gave the settlers of the township full rights to their land. You may be interested to know that "*the MacNab's*" old home in the district stood until a few years ago.

Ottawa before and after it was called Bytown

Many of the pioneers achieved remarkable financial success, but no such story could be more interesting than that which concerns Nicholas Sparks, who, so it is recorded, was an upright young man of great ambi-

tion. He was one of Philemon Wright's lumbermen, who, after working for him for many years had saved two hundred and forty dollars. He was anxious to invest his money well and bought a block of land from John Burrows, who had received it as a grant made to him and his brother. It was good timber land, being densely covered with tall cedars, and it was Sparks' intention to enter the lumber business. He built himself a log shanty on the edge of the primeval forest and prepared to get his business under way. Then came wonderful news. No doubt it was whispered, at first eagerly and expectantly. One person would say to another, "If it is true, then Nick Sparks will make a fortune," and another would shake his head and say dubiously, "One hears of things happening like that but I never knew one to happen." Then the stories became more definite. One piece of information was given out as being absolute fact at Caleb Bellows' store; another piece of information drifted about as gossip at Isaac Firth's tavern, and then in a few short months the truth was known, and everyone was amazed at the good luck of Nicholas Sparks. The British Government had chosen his, Nicholas Sparks' land, as the northern terminus of the new water-way which, when it was built, was called the Rideau Canal. The Imperial Government had decided to build this canal so that, in case of war with the United States, there would be a route, other than by the St. Lawrence, between Kingston and Montreal.

In a little more than a year after Nicholas Sparks had crossed from Hull and bought his cedar-timbered land from John Burrows, Colonel By, who was the engineer in charge of building the canal, was on the spot with a great army of workers. Before the long, low cook-houses and bunk-houses for the men were built, a flood of merchants poured into Bytown, as the settlement most appropriately was called. A year later forty stores were doing good business in the community, their only rival in trade probably being the bars of the nine taverns.

And what of Nicholas Sparks, you ask? His investment of two hundred and forty dollars had grown many times. In later years it was said that his profit from that investment was in the neighbourhood of two million dollars. He was a generous, public-spirited gentleman who gave much of the land on which municipal buildings were erected. The first gift of land which he made was in 1827, just after good fortune had befallen him, and it was for the building of a Presbyterian church. Five years later he made possible the building of Anglican and Methodist churches.

Would you like to have a glimpse of the busy, thriving town of Bytown in its first years? Its houses were no more than cabins of frame or logs, with here and there a hostel¹ where new comers might board until their homes were built. You would do well to choose a winter's day for your visit, for if you arrived

¹One of these was kept by Nicholas Sparks in 1827.



THIRTY YEARS AFTER SETTLEMENT.

in the spring you would, without doubt, have your progress along the main street greatly deterred by deep ruts and mud. If you like the sound of revelry ringing noisily in your ears, then, I think, you should choose St. Patrick's Day for your visit. Do you hear the high, weird sound of the flute, guiding rollicking singers in the melodies of the Emerald Isle? Then, look,—yonder comes a parade with men marching jauntily in time to the tunes of their native land. Their green badges, hats, and sashes gleam brightly in the clear sunlight. Their laughter rolls as magnificently as their songs. Probably their merry-making reached its most boisterous pitch in the vicinity of Mother McGinty's tavern.

All was not honest work and joyous holiday in Bytown, however, for gloomy days descended upon it when the canal was finished, and those in authority had reason to regret that the nearest jail was over

fifty miles away, for there were many fights and riots. Gradually the distress that had gathered like a heavy cloud was dispelled. Some "canallers," as the canal workers were called, became lumber-jacks and river-drivers, that is raftsmen who guided logs down the river to the sawmills. Others took up land and set themselves to the business of farming. Bytown came out of this period of difficulty admirably, and in 1855, with a population of about ten thousand, became the dignified city of Ottawa. Two years later Queen Victoria chose it as the future capital of Canada, and ten years later, after Confederation, it became the capital of the Dominion.

The story of Carleton County, which in the early days included the County of Lanark, is not very different from that of many other districts of Upper Canada. Schools were started at an early stage in each community's development, and the experience of Lamira Dow, one of the early teachers, was probably typical of that of many others. Miss Dow was to be paid seven dollars a month, not in money but in wheat at Brockville. Once she went there to collect her salary only to be told that the wheat had not arrived. She made the journey again on foot and collected the wheat from the farmers on her way. She exchanged it in Brockville for goods that she needed.

In less than half a century, more than fifty schools had been opened in the county.

As in the rest of Upper Canada, the people had

their social gatherings in conjunction with their work. They had logging bees and fairs. Public opinion was formed and guided by newspapers that started in Carleton County and in many other counties, almost as early as did the schools.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF RICE AND STONEY LAKES

The leaves of the spreading maple and the upright beech trees flapped and fluttered gently in a soft June breeze, and the drooping branches of the cedar and the pine swayed as if they were keeping time to a melody. The waters of the lake, silvery and golden and tinged with glistening pink by the sun, lapped the shores as if they were humming a lullaby for a baby princess. The air had a magic fragrance that soothed and gave strength, for the pungent odour of the tamarack mingled with the sharp perfume of the pine and bass-wood, and the mellow richness of ripening wild berries.

Do you like this scene of tranquillity, or do you think that something is missing from its completeness? Man, you say, should be there, to show that it is not a picture-book portrait of repose, and if you will look closely, you will see that man, indeed, is part of our scene. Yonder, far out on the lake, a canoe glides swiftly. Listen, and your ears, made acute by the quietness, may catch the soft, light lap of the paddles. Now turn your eyes from the water and look down a narrow glade in the forest. It is not all dark and gloomy, for here and there you see the gleam of newly peeled timber, and in and out among the trees tall men and women

are moving. They are working, and if your ears are as alert as your eyes you may hear them talking to each other. Look out at the lake again, and there you will see a whole flotilla of canoes drawing to the shores.

This is no dream picture but a description of a scene that must have been revealed many times on the shores of Ontario lakes. The men and women busy in the forest are Indians, and the peeled timbers are the tent poles of the homes they are building for themselves. The canoes that move with certain swiftness to the shore carry gallant Indian braves who would recover from battle wounds, or stern old chiefs who are finding their years wearisome burdens to carry, or women and girls who have grown weak and thin during the long winter months of bitter cold and not enough food. They are coming to the shores of the lake, confident that here health will be restored to them.

And this particular lake, you ask, where is it? Indeed, it was not one lake alone that in the past was supposed to have the magic power of renewing strength to flagging spirits and worn bodies. To the shores of Toronto Island, then a peninsula, the Indians used to bring their sick people. In every part of Canada you may hear stories of the healing magic born by lake breezes to tired warriors. The purpose of this description is to introduce you to a section of Upper Canada that had at least one of these Indian lake hospitals in its midst. The district is that north of the towns of Port Hope and Cobourg, and the lake may have been

Rice Lake or Stoney Lake. The story of the healing that the Indians thought they received on its shores was told graphically to many groups of pioneers who hesitated fearfully on the edge of its forest fastnesses. If your home is in this neighbourhood, or, in fact, in any one of the lake districts of the vicinity, you must have heard many tales of the Indians searching and finding health on near-by lake shores.

Now let us get a glimpse of the people who came to this rugged, beautiful country of deep blue lakes and majestically tall trees. They had need of courage and firm resolve, for the Indians looked upon them with grim hatred and told them weird tales of monstrous, wild animals, and snakes with poisonous bites. "You come, you die!" was a favourite threat of the Indians, and all the time, no doubt, they were thinking that they did not want the white people to discover that their lakes were swarming with fish, and that their forests provided homes for great numbers of fur-bearing animals. The lake that the Indians loved best was Stoney Lake, and they strove with sullen persistence to save its shores from white invasion, for near it wampum grass, one of their dearest treasures, grew, and so did berry bushes that always bore a rich harvest of luscious fruit.

Despite the dark threats of the Indians, however, the white people would not be kept back, and in 1818, eighteen years after Philemon Wright's lumbermen had settled on the shores of the Ottawa River, the first

group of settlers arrived in the district that later was to be called Peterborough County. An Indian fur-trader had been their forerunner in the district. He had come in over twenty years before by ox-cart, and built a trading-post on the north shore of Rice Lake. The immigrants came from the north of England and entered the Township of Smith, named for the man who had surveyed the land. They came from Cobourg by way of Rice Lake and the Otonabee River. Like most other immigrants, they suffered great privations before they could grow crops, but for some months at least, they had the constant solace of one another in their misery, for they all lived together in one big log house.

From then on a steady stream of settlers trickled into the district. Some came from the older settled parts of the province because they were not satisfied with their land. Others were half-pay officers of the army and navy, many of whom were the leaders of groups of settlers. One of these was Captain Charles Rubidge who was the first man of the settlement to clear the required amount of land and so secure full deeds to his property. Later Captain Rubidge assisted emigrants sent out from England as the result of arrangements made by the Marquis of Bath, to settle on land in the district. At the time of their arrival about nineteen hundred other emigrants from England, most of them from farms in Wiltshire, were being placed on farms in the community. The name of Captain Rub-

idge, brave, generous, and diligent, is an important one in the history of settlement in Upper Canada.

In thinking of the pioneers we are apt to lose sight of the fact that some of them at least had admirable opportunities for success. Let me tell you of an ambitious young man by the name of Adam Scott, who built a grist-mill and sawmill on the banks of the Otonabee. One day his mill broke down. People were waiting for their cracked grain and flour, and he would not disappoint them. So, despite the spring thaw that caused the trail to be deep in mud, Adam Scott carried his broken crank-shaft that weighed nearly three hundred pounds to Port Hope for repairs. A few days later he carried it back again and set to work at once to make up for lost time. It is on the land that once belonged to Adam Scott that the city of Peterborough now stands. It was to this region, too, that many settlers came from Ireland in 1825.

Families from Cork

You have read in stories and poems, no doubt, that Ireland is a very beautiful country. Poets have called her "the ocean's rarest gem," and truly when one sees her "lying in the ocean," as she appears to be, one is held spellbound by her deep, rich loveliness. Here and there on her velvety carpet of green, patterns of white are made by whitewashed cottages and whitewashed fences. The sun shines fitfully and brilliantly on Ire-



A GRIST MILL IN UPPER CANADA.

land, so that the sea that encloses her sometimes looks like a ruffle of silver. As the sunbeams cast sudden gleams on the green hedges, one cannot help thinking that the shadows are made by dancing fairies. Perhaps it is because Ireland is so beautiful that the record of her suffering seems especially sad.

The misery that descended upon her and all the rest of Great Britain at the close of the war against Napoleon spread like a plague. The Irish farmer, like the farmers in other parts of the British Isles, was paid

little or nothing for his crops or for his cattle and pigs. And as if this were not misfortune enough, landlords in England became impatient for their rents. They said sternly, "You must pay or the sheriff will put you out." And indeed the sheriff was a busy man. In County Cork he probably was the busiest man of all until people there began talking of Canada. One person, then another, and then another mentioned it. One recalled that so-and-so had gone a decade ago; someone remembered that a cousin or an uncle or a friend had sent word from Canada that the land was rich and was counted by square miles not quarter-acres.

The resolve to go to Canada spread like wild-fire through the country. Family treasures were packed in sacks. Eager boys and girls laughed with a happiness they had not known for many long days. Canada became a word that cast out fear and acted as a tonic to discouraged spirits. In the early summer of the year 1825 two thousand and twenty-four men, women and children, and the children numbered nearly seven hundred, left Ireland for Canada. The voyage was an unusually short one for those days, for it took slightly more than four weeks, but what was saved in time on the ocean was lost at Kingston where they were delayed by fever. The first section of would-be settlers did not arrive in Cobourg on the shores of Lake Ontario until the middle of August. They camped on the beach while they waited for the other groups to join them, and for final arrangements to be made for their

destination. By October, but not before, they had arrived in the district where land was to be granted to them.

Can you imagine that journey from Cobourg? The precious sacks of loved objects—crucifixes, candle brackets, pictures of the Virgin and Child, silken scarfs that had been brought from distant lands by ancestors who had fought in the wars—were piled on ox-carts. The men and women walked behind the carts, and so did most of the children. Only the babies and those too frail to walk were permitted to ride. Never before had thirteen miles seemed so far, but at last the distance was covered, and the expectant immigrants from Ireland rested on the shores of Rice Lake. No shelters awaited them, but they built themselves temporary lodgings of branches, sod, and slabs of wood. Gradually, but so very slowly, they were taken across the lake and up the Otonabee River to Adam Scott's village, called Scott's Mills. There again they had to wait patiently for the land grants and the completion of surveys.

At last they could go to their own land. What happiness must have surged in their veins! It was marred by few misgivings, for the people had made an interesting discovery: their new land in many ways resembled the dear Ireland they had left. Its lakes were as blue as the sea. It rose to hills and sloped to valleys and the air was balmy. (They had not yet experienced a winter). Moreover, they had great confidence in the



PETERBOROUGH IN UPPER CANADA IN 1827.

Sketch made with the Camera Lucida by Captain Basil Hall.

man under whose guidance they were being settled in Canada. Some of them had talked with him, and they knew that both he and his assistant, Captain Rubidge, were anxious to treat them fairly and generously. The man's name was Peter Robinson, and it was his duty to see that roads were blazed through the bush and that they were shown how to build their log cabins.

Peter Robinson had brought Irish settlers to Lanark County two years before, and this second party of immigrants he placed on land in the following townships of the county that later was to be called

Peterborough in his honour:—Asphodel, Douro, Emily, Otonabee, Ennismore and Smith. Some families settled in Ops Township, in what was to be Victoria County. He spent many months among them, and in 1826-27 he and representatives of the settlers welcomed the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, Sir Peregrine Maitland, into the district. Sir Peregrine had come for the express purpose of finding out how the new-comers were faring, and they had but one grievance to lay before him. "We want clergymen to administer to us the comforts of our Holy Religion, and good schoolmasters to teach our children," they said.

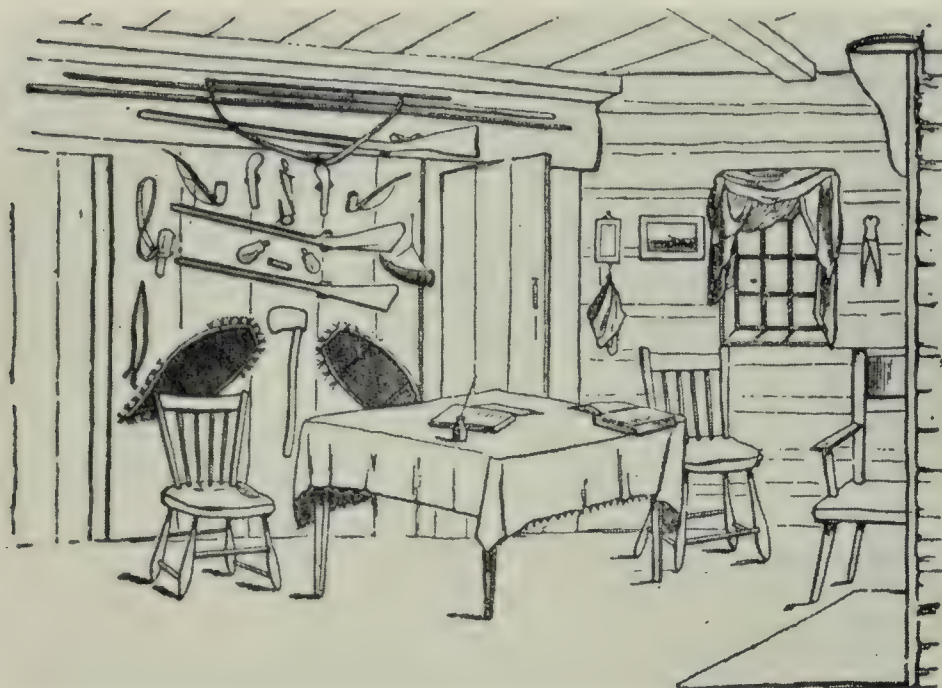
Before we leave this settlement of Cork families in the County of Peterborough let us have a glimpse of the thriving town that sprang up in a few years after their coming, and where before they came there had been little more than Adam Scott's mills. On the main street there was Dr. Reade's office. He had been engaged by Peter Robinson to be the physician to the immigrants. There were besides two storehouses belonging to Peter Robinson, a spacious house where he and members of his staff lived while they were in the community, a store kept by a man called Stewart, and Bailey's tavern named for its proprietor. Father Crawley said mass at Dr. Reade's house until his church was built. A school-house was built in 1827, and the Anglican clergyman was the first schoolmaster. Mention should be made of the mills which the Government erected, for forty barrels of flour

could be packed a day in the grist-mills, and three thousand feet of lumber cut in the same time in the sawmill.

Other Settlers Come to Peterborough County

“Speculators flocked to neighbouring townships—mills were built—stores opened—and life, bustle, and civilization went on with spirit.” In these words the settlement following that of the Irish in Peterborough County¹ was described before a committee of the British Parliament. The report was probably made by John Richards, who was sent out by the Imperial Government in 1830 to observe the condition of the Irish settlers both in the eastern and central parts of the province. Likely the report carried information about the generous treatment given the Irish settlers: one hundred acres was given to the head of each family and to each son over twenty-one, and to each when he achieved that age; a log shanty was built on each one-hundred-acre farm, and for a year and a half each adult was allowed a daily ration of one pound of pork and one of flour, with half as much for each child. A cow, an axe, an auger, a hand-saw, three hoes, a kettle, a frying-pan, an iron pot, five bushels of seed potatoes, eight quarts of Indian corn, one hundred nails and two gimlets completed the equipment supplied by the Government of Upper Canada. As these people had all been very poor in Ireland the two Governments, that of

¹It remained for some years a part of Northumberland County.



Anne Langton.

INNTERIOR VIEW OF JOHN LANGTON'S "BACHELOR" ESTABLISHMENT,
STURGEON LAKE, 1833.

Reproduced by Courtesy of members of the Langton family.

Great Britain and that of Upper Canada, had paid the entire expenses of their emigration.

Generous treatment, but certainly not so lavish, was meted out to the English settlers mentioned on page 143. They were required to pay eighty pounds before they could receive title deeds to their lands, and then they could receive them only after they had lived on the land for eight years. These particular settlers were very thrifty, and the neat appearance of their farms and houses was commented on most favourably by Colonel Strickland¹ and the traveller, Basil Hall.

¹Settled near Scott's Mills in 1826, and later worked for the Canada Company in the Huron Tract. He then settled at Lakefield.

In 1832, only seven years after their arrival, the Irish settlers were joined by several small groups from Scotland. Some of these Scottish settlers went farther north, and although they prospered finally their first years were ones of misery, for they had to work far too strenuously in clearing "the bush", made doubly disagreeable by swarms of black flies and mosquitoes.

In 1834-35 and for quite a number of years thereafter Scottish and English half-pay officers of the army and navy came into the district, and in 1839 families from County Clare and County Limerick in Ireland arrived. Indeed, up until about 1860, every year saw small parties arrive from the British Isles to take up land in the district. After that date there was some migration, particularly of the sons of the first settlers, to the country to the north.

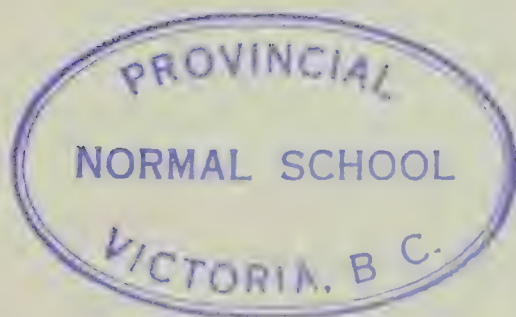
Before we leave this district of Upper Canada you would, I think, be interested in comments by two persons whose diaries or letters have been preserved.

John Langton wrote in 1839: "The society [is] the most brilliant in Canada. . . Peterborough [is] a very pretty, picturesque, thriving village . . . with nearly thirty genteel families within visiting distance. . . I certainly never expected on coming to Canada that I should be one of the Bachelors who gave a ball to between eighty and ninety, and meet with two of the best waltzers I ever figured with."

Thomas Need, who lived near Sturgeon Lake, wrote in 1834 of the town of Peterborough: "Many new

houses have been built, fresh stores opened. . . It then contained a church, a bank, agency office, circulating library, and two comfortable inns."

When you are older, you will likely read a book entitled *Roughing It in the Bush*, by Mrs. Moodie. She was the sister of Colonel Strickland mentioned on page 151, and the experiences she set down there were her own. Her sister, Mrs. Traill, wrote a story entitled *Lost in the Backwoods*, and it, too, was drawn from this rugged, beautiful part of Ontario.



CHAPTER XXIV

FROM TRADING-POST TO PROVINCIAL CAPITAL

A few years ago a famous author wrote a play that was made up of a rapid succession of scenes, and in each one some feature of the years of the immediate past was the subject. These scenes were drawn from happenings in Great Britain, and each one was no more than a flash, swift, moving, dramatic. We have taken an example from that panorama of events, and shall set down here a series of flashes taken from the past of that vast community, both city and county, that used to be called York. Now only the county retains that name, and the city has resumed the one given to it by the Indians centuries ago—Toronto.

First flash: A man is sitting at a desk in the Castle St. Louis in Quebec. He is writing a letter, and he pauses frequently to look at a map that is spread out on the desk beside him. At last the letter is done, and he has written something in this fashion: "We, that is M. Bigot and I, think it would be wise to build a post near the mouth of the Toronto¹ River. He would send thither an officer and fifteen soldiers and workmen to construct a small fort there." The man who wrote this letter was the Governor of New France, La Jonquiére. He wrote it in the year 1749 to the

¹Now called the Humber River.

colonial minister of France, and in the spring of the next year he was given permission to carry out the suggestion he had made. Part of the present city of Toronto now stands on the site of that fort, which was called Rouillé, in honour of the man who granted permission for its building.

Second flash: At the mouth of the Toronto River a cluster of wigwams has been built. Five soldiers take their turn in keeping sentry duty at the fort. Canoes well packed with beaver-skins draw into the landing-place. One day a canoe arrives bearing a priest who has come to observe the fort and make a report on it. He wrote this: "There is good bread and good wine and everything necessary for trade." This was two years after the fort had been built.

Third flash: A group of Mississauga Indians talk in whispers, and they make a plan. For all their stealth, the plot they have made is discovered, and when they come ready to pillage the fort and steal the brandy they find it guarded by soldiers and guns. This was in the year 1757. The Indians continued to bring their fur pelts to Toronto, still called Rouillé by the French, but Toronto by the Indians.

Fourth flash: "If the English should make their appearance at Toronto I give orders to burn it at once." These words were written in 1758 by de Vaudreuil, Governor-General of New France. One year later three whale-boats sent by the English general, Sir William Johnson, arrive and find five heaps of charred

timber. De Vaudreuil's instructions have been carried out; the fort has been destroyed.

Fifth flash: The Indians are gathered at Carrying Place on the Bay of Quinté to have a palaver with representatives of the British Government. The Indians nod their heads in approval, then shake them vigorously in disapproval. The palaver comes to nought. Eighteen years later they meet to discuss the same matter. An English officer pays them seventeen hundred pounds (\$8,500.00), and the Indians give up their claim to over two hundred and fifty thousand acres of land. Now that land comprises the townships of York, Etobicoke, Vaughan and King, and the city of Toronto is in the Township of York.

There could be many more flashes; one of Augustus Jones, the land surveyor, tramping through the forest surveying lots; one of Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe and his wife arriving at Toronto; of Mrs. Simcoe walking through a grove of oak trees and writing in her diary later that the town is to be built there; and still another of the men of the Queen's Rangers building roads and houses and offices for the Government. But we shall have no more "flashes" now; they have brought us into the nineteenth century, and we shall have to consider some of the happenings in Toronto more carefully than is possible in brief sentences, for Toronto, a few months later named York, and the surrounding countryside, saw many important changes. Indeed, I think they are important enough to warrant



THE FIRST CHURCH IN YORK (TORONTO), OPENED IN 1807.

John Ross Robertson Collection.

us going on a journey to the straggling muddy town with its streets bestrewn with stumps.

How shall we arrive? Travelling backward in time is a simple matter, for one needs only the printed page and a good imagination. But how shall we arrive once we are in the nineteenth century? Let us arrive, as so many pioneers did, by stage-coach from Kingston. At five o'clock in the morning we take our places in the coach. It is June but we wrap ourselves in warm blankets. The horses, a double team of big bays, pull on their bits, prance impatiently, and then we are

off. Up we go; then down, then up—what a jolting journey it is! Certainly we need our thick cushions. A man opposite us laughs at our discomfort and tells us that after we have made the journey as often as he has, we shall not mind the knocking about at all. He tells us that he is on his way to York. He has lived there for twenty years, and we ask him many questions about the place. Here are some of the things he tells us:

One of the first pioneers to come to York, after Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe had chosen it as the capital of the province, arrived alone, much to the astonishment of officials who had expected to welcome a few hundred settlers and assist them to the Township of Norwich, which had been assigned to them. This man was William Willcocks, a dignified native of the city of Cork, where he had once been mayor. Mr. Willcocks' people had crossed the ocean with him, but when they beheld the fine land of the State of New York, they deserted him, one by one.

"And what happened Mr. Willcocks?" we ask, and are told that he and William Jarvis are the magistrates of the community.

One of the first persons to bring settlers into the district, we are told, was William Berczy who came with seventy-four German families from near Rochester in New York State. "They are on farms in the Township of Markham," our travelling companion says, "and never were there more thrifty and diligent

people. Their crops are good, and the women make delicious cheese and butter. I hear that they are having marked success with vegetables."

It is on this journey that we hear of another settlement enterprise, this one embarked on by a French count who had lost his estates in the French Revolution. His name was de Puisaye, and he led a group of a hundred or more French aristocrats into Gwillimbury and Uxbridge townships. "But they are having a sad time of it," the man says, "and 'tis said that many of them are going to England."

At last after a journey of four days and three hours we are in York. Each night while we were travelling we stayed at an inn along the way. The one at Belleville was very good. The mattresses on the bed were of feathers, not the usual straw, and the trout, freshly caught in the Moira River, were delicious. The stage driver, on the suggestion of our travelling companion, sets us down at Jordan's York Hotel, and we cannot help being excited as we enter the gloomy, dimly lighted room, for we have been told that all the notables of the capital dine there. Perhaps there will be a grand dinner in progress, we think, but instead an auctioneer, a burly fellow with a booming voice, is just finishing a sale. We are much too tired to make any bids, so we let the landlady escort us to our rooms.

A good sleep, made doubly good because of a down pillow, a hot breakfast, a friendly conversation with the landlord who tells us that "likely our travelling

companion was one of the young Mr. Ketchums", and we are ready to see the sights of York. Despite our efforts not to, we do stumble on the plank side-walk, and every time we cross the street we sink almost above our shoe-tops in mud. But we *must* see the shops. There is Pierce's store, and we pause to read a list of his stock that is tacked on the door—teas of many varieties, sugar, raisins, hats, shoes, tobacco, snuff—and this is only a partial list.

We do not enter the store, for we are eager to see the other shops. "Do look," we exclaim, "York has a hair-dresser!" And we read an announcement that says he has but recently arrived from London, that he is especially skilled in doing ladies' hair, and that his terms are reasonable. There are other shops including Evean Eveans' tailoring establishment and Paul Morin's bakery, and Mr. Morin, you should know, will deliver bread, cakes and buns to the homes of his customers and will bake meat pies in his oven for any who wish him to do so. As we continue on our walk we see that there is a watchmaker, quite a number of carpenters, and several auctioneers in York. We pause to read a gaudy sign that attracts us: "William Cooper announces that he has just received from New York a large supply of the best wines, brandy, Hollands, fresh lime juice, oysters, red herrings, Devonshire, Navy and Cavis sauces, segars, pipes and tobacco."

We have sojourned long enough in York and come



KING STREET IN TORONTO IN THE YEAR 1836.

back to the twentieth century to read an account of it from the distance of our own time. In 1803 Lieutenant-Governor Peter Hunter had a market established, and much of the produce that was offered for sale on it came from the farms of half-pay officers and retired soldiers who had taken up land in the immediate vicinity of the growing town. A few pages back you read of the two hundred Queen's Rangers who built roads and offices in the settlement. Many of those took up land, and every year for thirty years or more, they were joined by relatives and friends from the British Isles. If you could have visited the market in the early years of the nineteenth century you would have found that much of the produce came from the farms of the Denisons, Allans, Ketchums, Baldwins, Crookshanks, and Playters.

Toronto was a very small village in the days when we visited it early in the nineteenth century, and from our experience of well-painted frame houses, brick, stone, and stucco houses, we probably laughed at the poor little log cabins and gaunt storey-and-a-half frame houses of the officials. If we could have driven out into the country from York we would have seen that some spacious farm-houses had been built or were being built. On Yonge Street that led to the north from the town, Abraham Matice, for instance, had built a house that he considered comfortable, and when his wife, Sarah, showed that she preferred the "bright lights" of York he sought public disapproval for her. Mr. Jus-

tice Alcock had a fine farm and farm-house to the west of the town; it stretched beyond the garrison parade grounds, and once, at least, he was compelled to make public announcement of the amount of thieving that was done from his barns. To the east of the city, farms were laid out in what is now the Township of Scarborough, which had the name probably from Mrs. Simcoe who had wished to build a summer-home there and give it that name, taken from her dearly loved north of England. A fair number of the first farms that were opened up in the immediate vicinity of York belonged to government officials who lived on them for part of the year only and left their management to bailiffs. One of these farms, "Oakhill", belonged to General Aeneas Shaw, and in 1803 he had the honour to entertain the Duke of Kent there. Another farm was in the Township of Clarke, and it belonged to the Baldwin family, of which Dr. William Warren Baldwin, one of the first schoolmasters of York, was a member.

Records have been kept of early trade in York, and from them may be gleaned certain facts of what the chief farm products were. Ginseng stood high in the market then, and the farmer of York with his wife and children spent many days searching for it in his farm's swamp land. Hemp was grown on most of the farms in the early part of the nineteenth century, for hemp seed was supplied free, and it was said that it could be sold in large quantities in Great Britain where it was needed for sail-cloth and ship's ropes. Gradually

every farmer began to specialize in vegetables, and the carrots, cauliflowers, and asparagus of York became quite famous.

York grew slowly, but not so slowly either, when one bears in mind that the farms of the vicinity were taken early, and in big tracts, by government officials and persons of wealth. Seldom, however, did a party of pioneers arrive in the town, on a journey westward to Galt or Guelph or London, but a number decided not to continue, and to remain in York. Skilled artisans, once they were allowed to leave England,¹ did this frequently, for they found that there was a need for them in the town, working at their trade, and as they approached the "desolation of wild, unbroken land" their confidence in themselves as bush farmers ebbed away.

Settlements to the West of York and the Founding of the Canada Company

In 1823 John Galt, who was a famous novelist, was sent to Upper Canada as a member of a commission, appointed by the British Government to offer an opinion on certain financial claims that were made against it by the province. Mr. Galt travelled over the western part of the province, and on one of his journeys met a former Edinburgh friend by the name of William Dickson. Mr. Dickson told his old schoolmate of the

¹Not until 1824.

enterprise he and Absolom Shade were just launching. They were going to bring settlers into the Township of Dumfries and build a village in it. The village was well under way then, but it had no post office. The permission was granted for it at this time, and Mr. Dickson called it Galt, not Shade's Mills, as had been his first intention.

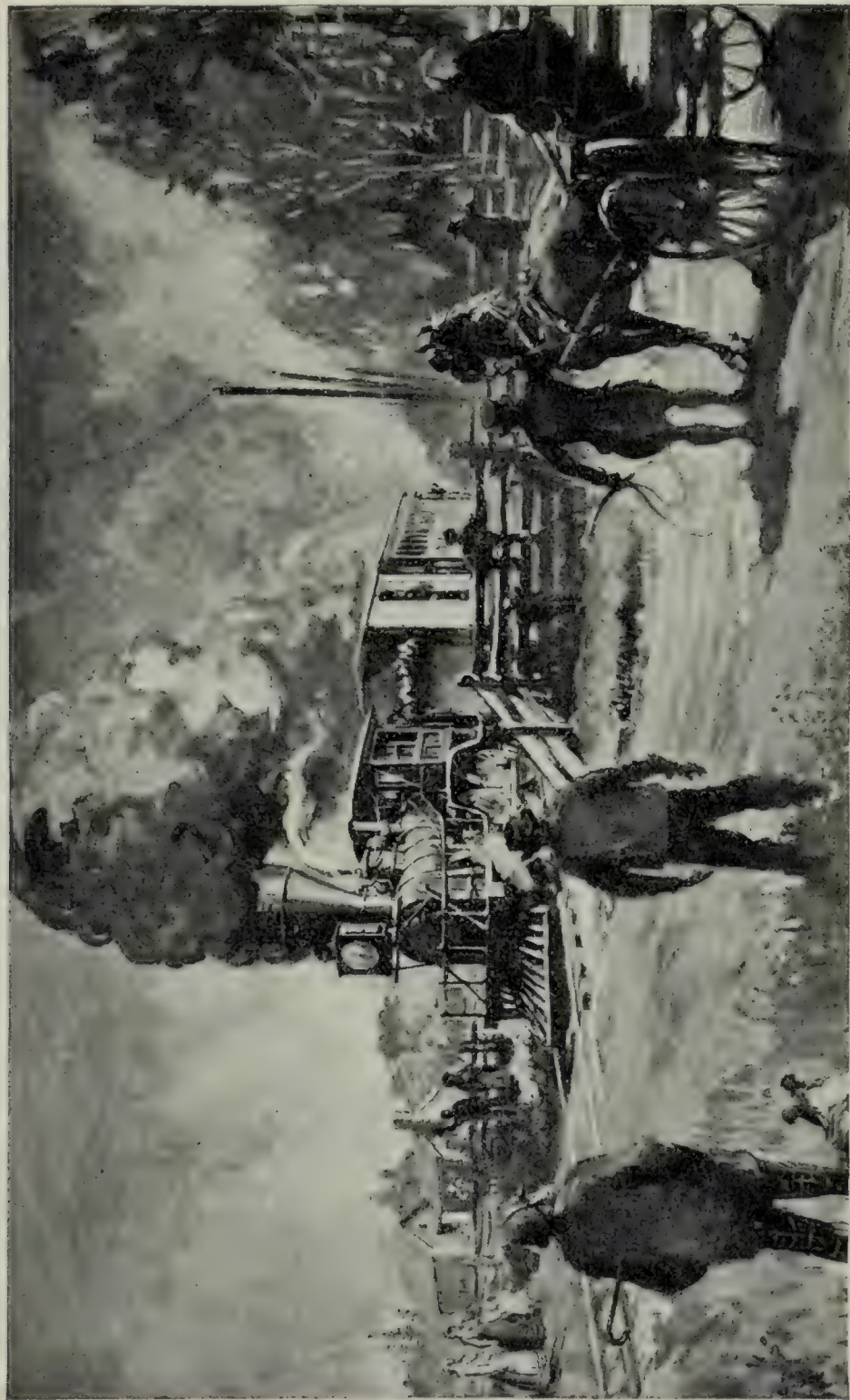
Mr. Galt was prevailed upon to visit the village that was named for him, and when he did he was greatly pleased with the quality of the soil. "Your plan is an excellent one," he exclaimed to Mr. Dickson. "You are going to bring thrifty, experienced farmers into this country, and they should become men of affluence and importance." The enterprise of Messrs. Dickson and Shade had given John Galt an idea, and when he returned to England he lost no time in carrying it out.

First Mr. Galt interviewed some of the best-known business men of London, and this is the proposition that he laid before them: that they form a company, to be called the Canada Company, and that the company should buy a large tract of land in Upper Canada, and this land, they should sell at a small profit to persons wishing to settle in the new country. The plan seemed an excellent one to most of the astute business men who were asked to have a share in it, and in two years the Canada Company, with a capital of five million dollars, was ready to do business. Mr. Galt himself was made the secretary of the company and the commissioner to purchase the land.

In 1826 Galt bought one million acres of land at a dollar and a half an acre from the Government of Upper Canada and set out to build a community like that established at Galt. The site chosen for the settlement was on the Speed River, and the name given it was Guelph, the name of the Royal family of England, and a name "that had never before been used in all the King's Dominions".

Mr. Galt's next step in his settlement scheme was to choose his people carefully. Like the founder of Galt, he looked for those who had experience in farming and who could give him evidence of being of good character. Some people who approached the Canada Company for land carried with them letters of character from their minister or from a person well known to the directors. The next step after selecting his would-be settlers, and he had many applications, was to give them assurance that the company would not neglect them, once they were on the land. And certainly the company carried out its promises well. It paid half the cost of bridges, roads, and schools, and of other public improvements.

The town of Goderich was founded as a second centre for a Canada Company community, and much of Huron, Perth, and Middlesex counties was opened up by them. The block of land which it bought extended north and west of Waterloo County to the shores of Lake Huron. Many of the settlers, of course, could not pay for their land and gave mortgages to the Com-



THE FIRST RAILWAY TRAIN TO LEAVE TORONTO (1853).
The Train ran to Machell's Corners (Aurora).



GUELPH IN 1840, THIRTEEN YEARS AFTER IT WAS FOUNDED.

pany. The Canada Company still has an office in Toronto to look after this business.

Mention should be made here of the vigorous, enterprising, affable, and quick-tempered man who assisted John Galt in building the village that has grown into the city of Guelph. He was a robust, audacious fellow with a deep, rumbling laugh and a blithe wit, to whom his friends had given the appropriate nickname of "Tiger". His real name was William Dunlop, and to him the credit is given of cutting down the first tree of the primeval forest where now is the city of Guelph.

CHAPTER XXV

THE TALBOT SETTLEMENT

On Christmas Day in the year 1800 a throng of fashionable people had assembled at a London house for a party. It was something of a reunion, for young officers of the army and navy home from the war on leave were among the guests. They talked eagerly of their experiences, for some had been in India; others were recovering from severe wounds received at Aboukir Bay; still others had returned from Spain, Malta, and Holland. Some of the conversation was gloomy, and one caught the words "Marengo" said in sad tones, and "little corporal" in tones of disdain. Faces beamed and voices were happy when the name of Nelson was mentioned, and his famous answer when he was wounded, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows", was repeated over and over again.

One young man was very quiet in the chattering crowd, and his friends remarked that his expression was unduly serious. He looked like one who had made an important decision from which he would not falter. This man was Thomas Talbot, twenty-nine years of age, a native of Ireland, and the decision he had made was to sell his commission in the army and go to Canada, from which he had returned four years before. At last he told his resolve to one of his friends, and for

the rest of the evening the conversation was directed toward him. Why was he going? When was he going? What would he do when he got there?

He made no attempt to answer the first question, but one friend whispered to another, and so the story drifted throughout the assemblage, that the reason Thomas Talbot was leaving England was that he had fallen desperately in love with a royal princess whom he could not marry. He answered the other questions without hesitation: he was going at once, and he would take up land, probably a whole township. He knew Upper Canada well, he said, for had he not made journeys through it with the former Lieutenant-Governor, John Graves Simcoe? He had been at Niagara; he had gone over the Indian trails north of Lake Erie; he had examined the soil on the shores of the River Thames. He would thrive and prosper in *his* township in the western district of Upper Canada.

For all his brave words and despite the promises of support he had from King George III's two sons, the Dukes of Cumberland and Kent, Thomas Talbot encountered difficulties. The first one was that the king would not give him a township. He had asked for a particular one, that one called Houghton, but none was forthcoming. At last the king relented somewhat, and he was given five thousand acres in the Township of Dunwich on Lake Erie. This land was not for himself; the instructions he had from the lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada were that he was to divide

it into one hundred farms of fifty acres each, and for each farm he allotted, he was to receive two hundred acres for himself in another part of the township. By this arrangement he should have secured twenty thousand acres of land for himself, but actually he obtained nearly sixty-five thousand acres. He accomplished this by changing his instructions from time to time. His settlers, when they began to arrive, protested his shameless acquisition of land but the Government of Upper Canada, bearing in mind that he was held in high esteem at Court, did nothing to interfere with him.

Another Clearing in the Forest

Although history records that Colonel Talbot had but four followers when he arrived at the mouth of a sluggish little stream in Dunwich Township on May the twenty-first, 1803, there is no reason why you, in imagination, should not join the little party. With the colonel you may lead the way along the slightly blazed trail, but perhaps you would prefer to walk behind with George Crane, a pleasant fellow who is the colonel's servant. George is really a much more congenial companion than his master. He knows many stories of adventure, and, moreover, he is filled with great enthusiasm for this new effort in settlement. If you are in his company he will most certainly tell you that Colonel Talbot is going to give him land for himself. "I will not be a servant any longer, but my own

master," George says, "so that I may say 'I shall do this' and I may do it, and 'I shall not do that,' and no man, be he colonel or duke, can command me otherwise."

When you laugh at this, as you undoubtedly will, George Crane will look uncomfortable and beg you not to tell the colonel. "He is a good man at heart," he says, "but at times he is given to much wrath and cruel severity."

In a moment you have an opportunity to behold the tinder-like quality of Thomas Talbot's disposition. He pauses, and so do we all in a little grove of spreading trees, and he calls for his axe. George Crane has been talking and is slow in lowering his master's axe from his back.

"Hurry, man, hurry! Why must you dawdle at a moment like this?" the colonel exclaims. "Here I shall build my castle, and here I proclaim my domain. Trees and hills, mossy slopes and blue water—they are mine!"

Fine talk, is it not? A castle, indeed, and a domain. Does this stern-voiced, fiery-eyed little Irishman think he is going to be a monarch in this vast territory? Soon his followers know that he must have some such plan. His castle of logs and consisting of three large rooms, is built, and he gives it the name of Malahide, after the castle in Ireland where he had been born. George Crane continues to be his servant, but he has time enough to break some soil on the land that



COLONEL TALBOT'S RESIDENCE, PORT TALBOT

This early sketch of Talbot's home was sent to England in 1806 and copied by Mrs. Simcoe. (John Ross Robertson Collection).

colonel has said was to be his. But what of other settlers? They do not come, and six years roll by with the two men living in solitude.

Let us have a glimpse of the two of them in this forest "kingdom". George Crane is a faithful servant; he cooks, washes, carries water, fells trees, and chops wood for the great fireplace. His days are filled with constant toil. Colonel Talbot appears to enjoy his isolation. He likes his log castle perched on a rocky cliff above Lake Erie. He goes on long tramps through

the forest trails and returns from each one to express his satisfaction in his land. Occasionally George, feeling lonely and longing for companionship less austere, asks him when the settlers will come. "When?" Talbot exclaims. "How can I say when? I shall deal with them when they do."

Unlike most who received commissions to settle land, Colonel Talbot showed no eagerness to see the forest yield to the settler's axe. He did nothing more to promote settlement than to wait for settlers.

At last after six years of waiting Colonel Talbot was rewarded for his patience, for three families bearing the names of Storey, Pearce, and Patterson, arrived at Port Talbot to ask for land. They were natives of Ireland but had been settled in Pennsylvania for a number of years. There is no record which states why they came, or why in coming, they chose the territory of Colonel Talbot. Perhaps they had spent a happy childhood in the neighbourhood of Castle Malahide in Ireland and thought to gain prosperity in the vicinity of a second Castle Malahide, presided over by a member of the illustrious Talbot family. There is another supposition about their coming that is interesting; these people in their Pennsylvania homes may have heard good reports of the Mennonite settlement made in 1800 on the banks of the Grand River, under the leadership of Samuel Betzner and Joseph Schoerg, for the Mennonites had come to Canada from Pennsylvania. On the other hand, the arrival of the

Pearces, Pattersons, and Storeys in Dunwich Township may have been chance, for they may have been directed thither by a land officer who thought that Colonel Talbot was very slow in carrying out the terms of the agreement he had made with the Government.

You must not think that these Irish-Pennsylvania settlers were the first to take up land in the Talbot tract. They were not, for the colonel had kept his word and given land in 1806 to his faithful servant George Crane. But George was not the first person to have a farm in what is now the County of Elgin. Far from it, for a man of great courage and with a genuine zest for pioneering had come alone into the district before Colonel Talbot and surveyors. His name was James Fleming, and he arrived in Aldborough Township in 1796.

Shall we try to get a glimpse of the first Talbot settlers arriving at Port Talbot? They came in small boats, and as they disembarked Colonel Talbot and his man, Jeffrey Hunter, who had succeeded George Crane, stood on a knoll watching them. Very austere and almost like a person of another world he looked, standing there with no welcoming smile or greeting for them. As a strong woman or a sturdy child stepped to the shore he muttered gruffly, "They are what this country needs, strong and vigorous. They can work." If a woman or child looked frail he groaned audibly and spat out wrathful words about a new country being no place for weaklings. When the luggage was taken

from the boats, the colonel with his man close at his heels, stepped forward to greet the new-comers in a formal and distant fashion. Hand-shaking and solicitous enquiries as to their journey were not included in the colonel's reception. Rather, he spoke sternly, and if his first sentences did not have a command, it came soon nevertheless, for he warned the head of each family that he must build his own house, and that by the end of the first year he must have cleared at least five acres of land.

This almost insulting severity of Colonel Talbot's led him into more than one serious encounter with his settlers. It became his custom when a would-be settler applied to him for land, to ask him a great many tedious questions. Why did you come here? What was your father's occupation? Have you always been regular in your church attendance? What weight of goods can you carry on your back and in your two hands? Do you rise early? Can you shoot, bake bread if your wife is ill, spear a fish, and skin an animal? Are you prepared to take my advice and carry out such instructions as I may see fit to give you? The questions were fired in rapid succession at the worried new-comer, and as there seemed to be no end of them he showed his growing perplexity either in anger or confusion. One day the colonel met his match with a vengeance. The man was Duncan Patterson, and when his patience had been exhausted, and he feared that he was going to be given land that was not good, he sprang

on the colonel and held him in a vice-like grip until he was given what suited him.

Never after this experience, which almost caused him to shed his attitude of cold aloofness and indifference, did Colonel Talbot risk interviewing prospective settlers in the open. He stood within his house in front of a barred window, and the applicant, appearing almost like a suppliant, stood outside. If the answers to his questions were not to his liking the colonel slammed the window closed and shouted, "Loose the dogs on the fellow, Jeffrey".

For all his apparent unwillingness to have his solitude taken from him, Colonel Talbot set Mahlon Burwell to work surveying roads, and by the close of the year 1810 the Talbot Road extended from Delhi to Dunwich Township, and the next year it was carried into Howard Township. In the following year, 1812, war broke out, and it was said that no more than twelve families were settled in the district, and certainly they were far removed from neighbours. The settlement to the west was about seventy miles distant, the one to the east fifty miles, and to the north there was nothing but unbroken forest.

One would have thought that a settlement so tiny and so remote would not have had much attraction for American raiders, but the reputation of the eccentric colonel must have extended over the border, causing the soldiers to think his settlement was far bigger and more important than it was, for in 1814 they burned

Port Talbot to the ground, leaving only the house on the cliff standing. They made several attempts to trap the colonel, but he eluded them by appearing to be a labourer.

Once the country calmed down after the war, small groups of settlers found their way to the Talbot district. Colonel Talbot had no cordial reception for them, and on some he looked with frank dislike and suspicion. The Highland Scots, for instance, had incurred his ill-favour, and he wrote to Peter Robinson, who was Commissioner of Crown Lands: "Avoid placing Highland Scotch, as of all descriptions they are the worst settlers for new roads." Later he said he wanted no aristocratic settlers and wrote: "I am pestered with half-pay officers; pray do not introduce any of them to me." Perhaps the domineering little gentleman had found that neither Highland Scots nor half-pay officers would brook his imperious manners.

Colonel Talbot failed to carry out his part of the agreement with the Government of Upper Canada. Instead of encouraging settlement he discouraged it, and when he died in the year 1853, large areas of primeval forest and swamp still remained, with the result that many pioneer families were in almost complete isolation, with no roads over which they could travel to take their farm produce to market. He had defied the Government in almost every respect. No hemp seed, as he had promised, had been distributed,



MRS. ANNA JAMESON, TRAVELLING IN UPPER CANADA IN 1837.

From a sketch by Mrs. Jameson.

and land that might have been sold, he steadily refused to have settled.

One might think in reading this account of Colonel Talbot's failure to develop the country given to him to open up for settlement, that he had a bitter dislike for the backwoods. This was not the case; instead he was enthusiastic about the life and about the country. When he went to England he wore clothes made of the coarse homespun that was woven at Port Talbot and boasted of its quality to his friends. After Mrs. Jameson visited him, she wrote in her book on Upper

Canada¹ that "Colonel Talbot so liked the country and the work it entailed that he cleaned his own boots, washed his own linen, milked his own cows, churned the butter, and made and baked the bread".

His enthusiasm for the new country extended to farming, and Joseph Pickering who was in charge of his farm for some time made this record in his journal: "Colonel Talbot has a garden pretty well stocked with shrubs, fruit trees, etc., in better order than most in America. . . There are cherries, plums, apricots, peaches, nectarines, gooseberries, currants. . . Cabbages and other vegetables thrive very well. . . Colonel Talbot has his thrashing done by the flail, but a great deal of the grain of this province is trodden out by either horses or oxen."

*The Extent of Colonel Talbot's Territory and the
Founding of London*

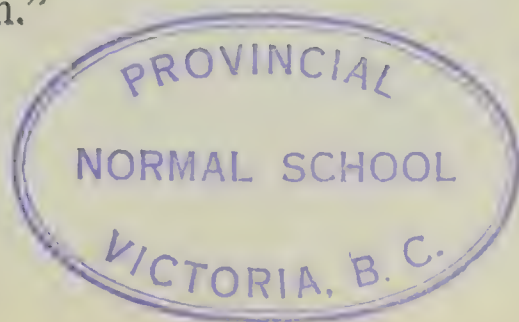
In what has gone before, you have read of Colonel Talbot's manner of restraining the development of his territory, but for all his unwillingness to allot land, he had to do it, for the demand was great. People were eager to come to Canada. They would not be deterred from settling on good land just because a fiery, imperious Irishman snapped at them and slammed windows shut in their faces. By 1835 at least thirty thousand settlers had come into the district, and the

¹Published in 1838.

colonel called it "the most populous and flourishing in Upper Canada". This must have been an exaggeration, for in 1824 the land under his control was over half a million acres. It extended from the western part of Norfolk County to the Detroit River, and included those townships north of the Thames from Zone in Kent to London Township.

You will remember that Colonel John Graves Simcoe in 1793 had urged that the capital of Upper Canada be built on the shores of the Thames. The place he chose for it he called Georgina-upon-Thames, but his advice was not taken, and the site he chose was not built upon until 1826. The village that was founded then was called London, and it became the capital of the district. When Patrick Shirreff, a visitor in the community, visited it five years later he found "three or four large hotels, many well-filled stores, and a court house of which the inhabitants feel proud".

In the same year (1833) Patrick Shirreff visited St. Thomas, which was founded in 1817, and named after Colonel Talbot. (There must have been some irony in the use of the word "saint" for he was far from a saint!). He reported it to be a thriving community of about fifty houses. When Mrs. Jameson visited it she said: "I was very struck with this beautiful and cheerful little town, more, I think, than with any place I have yet seen."





CHAPTER XXVI

ON THE SHORES OF THE DETROIT RIVER

Perhaps before you read this Chapter it would be well for you to turn back to Chapter Nineteen, for in it there is an account of the early days of this district. This part of the country, as you know, was opened up by the French for the development of the fur trade. We left the country at the close of Chapter Nineteen, shortly after it had become a British domain.

Now let us return to it, and we shall go to where is now the American city of Detroit. At the time of our arrival it is a straggling British town with a muddy main street lined with shabby houses and a few prosperous-looking stores. The date of our visit is early July in the year 1796, and we see the moment we step down from the coach that we are in for a great deal of excitement. On one corner men and women are talking in French, and we know from the way they wring their hands or wave them, shrug their shoulders, and interrupt one another in their speaking, that they are greatly disturbed about something. In front of the tavern there is a throng of people, all of them, judging from the high-pitched din, talking at once. We shall join this group and try to find out what is the cause of the excitement. We shall ask no questions but shall listen intently. A man in the midst of the crowd has now succeeded in raising his voice above all others.

"On July the eleventh," he says, "that is just four days away, we shall no longer be subjects of his Majesty King George III. For all our being loyal in the war, we have not saved ourselves from the rebels. We shall become theirs to treat as they like." This man looks angry, for his face is a dark brick red, and as he speaks he shakes his fists in the faces of his listeners.

"Why should we?", another calls out. "There is no law against us going across the river."

And now there is a terrific clamour. Men clap their hands and shout lustily. The words we catch distinctly from the uproar are, "Spoken true, sir." "We'll do it, too," and "Three cheers for you, trader."

As the noise subsides, we hear someone standing near ask the man whose words drew the applause, "Do you mean that you will close up your store here, and go over the river? How will your wife like living in a log shanty and having Indians call at any time during the day or night?"

"We are British," is the stern reply.

Questions and answers buzz through the throng for nearly fifteen minutes. The French at the opposite corner are attracted, and soon we hear them participating in the discussion. Then one and another and another withdraws, and each in turn says, "I must get the packing started. I shall see you all at the ferry if not before."

This is what had happened. After the American

War of Independence ended in 1783 Detroit remained British until thirteen years later when it was transferred to the United States.¹ On July the eleventh American soldiers took possession of the fort, and on that day and for several days before, there was a steady trek of people across the river to Malden Township. The change from British rule to that of the United States was not unexpected, but until the announcement that the treaty would become effective on a certain day, many had hoped that it would be changed.

When this brief migration from American to British territory was complete Detroit had shrunk to a population of five hundred. More than seventeen hundred persons had forfeited their houses and businesses for the privilege of remaining British subjects. Many of the stores were empty; so were most of the houses, and they looked gaunt and lonely in a few days, for no children played in the gardens, no smoke curled up from the chimneys, and no women stood on back steps hanging out the washing to dry. The farms near the village looked especially desolate with no cows in the meadows, no pigs in the pens, no chickens in the yards, no oxen standing patiently under their yokes waiting for their drivers to come from the house. And over all the countryside there was a sad quiet, as if the farms themselves mourned the departure of those who had first tilled their soil. This, of course, lasted for a very short time, for the American Government soon

¹By the Jay Treaty.

saw to it that no farms, houses, or stores were left long without occupants.

What of the country across the river? Had it retained its primeval fastnesses, and was it a fearsome land peopled chiefly by unfriendly Indians? That is what some of the American citizens tried to tell their friends who were firm in their British loyalty. But it was not true. I shall set down for you a series of swift-moving word pictures that will let you see what had happened in this district immediately after the American War of Independence.

1783—There is a beating of drums, smothered sometimes by the crashing of falling trees, and then from a forest thicket soldiers emerge into a clearing that is a French village. The soldiers are of Butler's Rangers, recently released from army service and come to what is now Sandwich to build new homes on land set aside for them by Governor Haldimand.

1784—More soldiers arrive, and these are accompanied by a few United Empire Loyalists. Many of these go into the French-Canadian district, at what is now Amherstburg.

At about this time—A tall and rugged gentleman of military bearing arrives in the Township of Malden. He has come from Virginia, and he has his family and negro slaves with him. He is Colonel Matthew Elliott, and the British Government has given him a grant of two thousand five hundred acres of land, which they had bought from the Indians.

1788—United Empire Loyalists arrive in the district and go into Essex County. They are accompanied by Pennsylvania Dutch settlers who are then called “Dutch Tories”.

1790—Colonel James Bâby builds the first brick house of the Western District.

1791—More British settlers arrive.

1796—Just before new settlers arrive Fort Malden has been built, and when the traveller, Isaac Wel visits the district he sees the river “crowded with Indian canoes, bateaux, and sailing ships, and several pleasure boats of the officers of the garrison of the New Fort Malden.”

These settlers from over the border, about whom you have read, arrive and are welcomed by Colonel Elliott and probably by James Bâby who has a fine estate, part of which became the site of the city of Windsor.

These United Empire Loyalists, for truly, although they were late-comers, they were worthy of the honoured name, found much in readiness for them. Some of them went to farms near Lake St. Clair or along the Thames, but most found farms laid out for them near Sandwich. The town of Sandwich itself up until this time had been a drowsy little village, for the settlement in the vicinity had not been big enough to give it vigorous life. Now it sprang into feverish industry and prosperity, not only because farms were being opened up, but also because lots were



John Ross Robertson Collection

COLONEL JAMES BÂBY'S RESIDENCE, SANDWICH

Built in 1790 for the North-West fur trade, this brick and frame building is one of the most historical landmarks in Ontario.

granted free to all persons ready to build houses or stores. Within a few months the new settlement had its stores, taverns and a church, which was the first Protestant church to be erected in the district.

For nearly sixteen years this community, comprised of the Loyalist new-comers and the French Canadians who had been there for many years, prospered well. Both Colonel Elliott and Colonel Bâby were kindly gentlemen who were willing to give assistance and

entertainment. Colonel Bâby was not so much interested in them as farmers, however, as he was in them as trappers. He was in the fur business, and his big house was both his home and his warehouse.

Then war broke on this scene of growing prosperity. Fort Malden, from being a quiet outpost with its soldiers chiefly occupied in keeping watchful eyes on settlers who had a habit of becoming unruly on market days, and on Indians who rebelled at times against what they considered grievances,—all in a flash became a place of feverish energy. It was made a base for armaments and supplies; soldiers drilled in the barracks grounds, and guards never left its courtyards and walls. From it soldiers marched out to capture Detroit and the American soldiers. A few miles from it was Amherstburg, which was occupied by American troops for two years. From it, too, General Proctor retreated to Moraviantown.

The Western District did not regain its prosperity without first suffering a period of gloom and discontent. One reason for this may have been that the people now had no sense of security. They feared an invasion, so someone has said, with every storm that broke, with every change in season, with every show of fiery temper. Another reason was that the district, and especially Malden Township, had few new settlers.

“Nor can we look forward to welcoming them,” one man and then another proclaimed at a public meeting, “for the Government holds some of our best land. What

it does not hold, the Clergy does, and what neither has is reserved for Huron Indians."

At last the settlers, led to their decision by Robert Gourlay, an ardent reformer, not of the district, but a visitor, called a meeting of public protest. They gathered at Searle's Hotel, and they said bitter and scathing things of the Government that left them, a little band of people, alone in the woods. Once the tumultuous wrath of their bitterness had subsided, they were able to make a careful statement of their situation. Not only was land held unbroken for the Government, the Clergy, and the Indians, but it was left in its virgin state by landowners who had no desire to clear it and no intention of selling it, and also by young people not yet of age who were not allowed to transfer it.

Mr. Gourlay stirred the people of Sandwich to a similar protest. In their report they said in part: "The front of the river only is settled, with the exception of a few houses in the interior, and notwithstanding its nearness to market, and natural advantages, we do not know of one additional settler for this number of years. . . The reserve of two-sevenths of the land for the crown and clergy, must for a long time keep the country a wilderness; a harbour for wolves; a hindrance to a compact and good neighbourhood."

Despite these emphatic protests, the country was settled slowly. Seven years later, 1824, the population did not total five thousand. Among them were a num-

ber of negroes, escaped slaves from the south, and they were probably responsible for introducing the custom of growing tobacco. By 1828 Windsor had grown into a tiny community; it was a stage-coach station, and a ferry, in reality a log canoe, carried people and freight across the river to Detroit.

Even in the late 'forties when much of the province was emerging from its primeval state, Essex County still had vast tracts of unoccupied land. By the late 'fifties and 'sixties, however, it was, as it were, discovered, and people flocked to it, so that it became a county of thriving, industrious towns and villages, and of broad farm lands. At the close of the century natural gas was discovered, and this caused further rushes of people into the Western District.

The Founding of Chatham

A few years before Colonel Talbot received the first settlers into his district, the country in what is now Kent County was opened up by the enterprising and generous Lord Selkirk. Elsewhere in this book you have read that he had brought settlers to Prince Edward Island, and we shall find that he sent others to Manitoba. For various reasons some of the Prince Edward Island people disliked their new homes, and Lord Selkirk decided to move them to Upper Canada. Moreover, there were Scottish people settled in the United States whom he wished to see instead in British territory.

So in 1803 Lord Selkirk made a journey through the western part of Upper Canada and acquired a block of land in Chatham and Dover Townships. Two years later about twenty-five families were brought into the district. Some of them came overland from Burlington, and drove their cattle and sheep before them through the forest, a distance of more than two hundred miles.

The land that was not swampy in this district, which was called Baldoon, was fertile, but before the people had a chance to raise crops they were assailed by malaria, and many died. Those who survived stayed on their farms only to suffer attacks by United States soldiers in the war of 1812-14, when many homes were destroyed. This storm the little band of settlers weathered, too, and within the next decade Chatham became a tiny but prosperous community. When Mrs. Jameson visited it in 1837 she found it "a beautiful little town".

CHAPTER XXVII

THE CANADIAN WEST

If one could have a magic carpet what adventure might be his! In one swift second he might stand on the peak of the world, and in another he might leap through time and space to march with Boadicea. He might sing the song of Caedmon, or sound the pipe of Roland. English boys and girls might choose to stand triumphant with William the Conqueror at Hastings, or go to India with Clive, or to Trafalgar with Nelson, or to the Crimea with Florence Nightingale. American boys and girls might choose to share the midnight ride of Paul Revere or be at Lincoln's side at Gettysburg. And what of Canadian boys and girls? What would be their choice? Iberville of the golden hair and valiant heart; La Vérendyre who kept before himself to his dying day the vision of the blue expanse that would be the Western Sea; and there are other names that fire the imagination of Canadian boys and girls,—Groseilliers, never wavering in his loyalty to the West; Kelsey, Mackenzie, Fraser, Franklin, and more names besides, that send Canadian boys' and girls' imaginations gliding over vast fields of snow and ice, or hurtling down rushing rivers, or patiently, so patiently, picking up the clue of a trail that is almost lost, or searching with unfaltering will for a hidden mountain

pass. Names of the West we call them, and every Canadian has felt their spell. They tell us of our country's vastness, its tantalizing mystery, its bounty, and its cruelty.

These men and others were the explorers of our West, and no less splendid in our annals are the names



A TRADING-POST IN THE NORTH-WEST.

of our western pioneers. Many of them left their homelands because misery and pain had descended upon them, and in Canada for many years some of them saw no lifting of that burden. They endured because they had to, someone has said, but that did little to lift the oppressive weight of failure and loneliness that so often fell upon them. They succeeded because

with their minds and hearts and bodies they set themselves to achieve not wealth, merely, but that thing that was most precious to them—homes. In this brief account of finding new homes in the Canadian West, many, many records of courage, loyalty to friends, suffering, dogged persistence, and of final achievement will not be mentioned. But they are there in your own city or village, or on the farms in your vicinity. They may be in your own family, and I beg you to search them out. Read them or listen to them being told, and as you do, all the country around will take on a different aspect. Here was courage. Here was kindness and neighbourliness. Here was joy in hard work and achievement, and here a city or a farm grew out of the wilderness. Here men and women toiled and had faith in Canada, and especially in the Canadian West.

CHAPER XXVIII

THE LAND OF THE SILVER CHIEF

On an autumn afternoon in one of the early years of the nineteenth century, probably the year 1807, two men sat talking in the lounge of the Beaver Club in Montreal. One of them was a tall, lithe fellow who talked vigorously and with great enthusiasm. He rose from his chair frequently and moved about the room restlessly. At a glance one would know that he was accustomed to being out of doors. Even in the room he walked with a "snow-shoe stride". This man was Colin Robertson, who had but recently come to Montreal from the "far west".

The other man who sat by the fire had a kindly face rather than a rugged one. His hair was snowy white, and when he spoke his voice had a note of grave perplexity. Often he sat peering into the fire saying nothing, and his companion knew that he was finding it difficult to make a decision. He knew, too, that when his eyes looked sad he was thinking of poor, homeless people in the Highlands of Scotland, and that when his expression lightened and his jaw set firmly he was trying to behold these people in comfortable homes and with a way of earning their living. This man who was so sorely perplexed was Lord Selkirk, about whom you

have read.¹ A few years before he had brought Highlanders to Prince Edward Island and Upper Canada. But still more Highlanders had turned to him for assistance.

Lord Selkirk turned to his companion and asked anxiously, "Let me put my question to you again, Robertson. Now that you know I am resolved to help my suffering countrymen, where would you take them? Don't let your enthusiasm for this distant country mar your judgement."

Without hesitation Robertson answered, "I would take them, my lord, to the forks of the Red and Assiniboine."

Still Lord Selkirk appeared to be undecided, and Mr. Robertson, rising from his chair and standing before the fire, said, "Let me tell you of that land, my lord, no forests to clear away; the turning of a plough-share will yield a crop; cattle and horses may eat as they run; sheep may graze afar, but there are no craggy hills to hide them."

At last the decision was made, and Lord Selkirk gave Colin Robertson instructions to go to the Highlands and to his native Orkneys to tell the people of this new western land. When he was leaving Robertson said with prophetic conviction, "My lord, some day a great empire will extend far west from the Red and Assiniboine."

Lord Selkirk had difficulty in securing land in the

¹See pages 78 and 190.

far west. In order to do so, he became a member of the powerful Hudson's Bay Company, and in 1811 that company gave him a deed to 116,000 square miles of land. It extended over part of what is now the province of Manitoba and the states of North Dakota and Minnesota.

This was good news for the anxious people of the Highlands who had become very discouraged, for the British Government had paid no attention to their repeated pleas for assistance. Members of Parliament were too much engrossed in winning the war against Napoleon to heed complaints of cruelty and injustice from the north of Scotland. The Government had no money either to assist Lord Selkirk in moving the people, and the complete undertaking had to be financed by him.

The Hebrides are at the height of their rare beauty in June. The drab grey of winter and early spring has been replaced by the tender light green of new leaves and grass. Even the sea that had been as dull as the landscape changes its colour to a mingling of green and blue. The rocks of the cliffs are softened by velvety moss and lichen, and dainty flowers, blue, white, and yellow, peep from the crevices of the rocks. The sun shines its brightest in the months of June and July, and then the Hebrides have no look of gloom or desolation. In the early days of June of the year 1811, crowds of people gathered at Stornoway in the Hebrides.

They came from near and far, and everyone, whether he was child or aged grandfather, carried a precious kit of possessions. You know what they would have—a silver cup that had long been treasured in the family and given perhaps to an ancestor by a surprisingly generous landlord; poor little pictures or statues of the Christ Child or of the saint whose aid was sought when loved ones were at sea; books in small type that had been bought after good harvests or good fishing from the bookseller who came with a pack on his back; bits of silk and linen, and fleecy blankets of Highland wool. And no Presbyterian family came without its Concordance, Shorter Catechism, and Bible. And no traveller came without his own package of oat-cakes. Other food was put on board in big hampers, but it has been recorded that each person carried his oat-cakes. It would have been sad to leave the Hebrides and the mainland of the Highlands at such a time, if everyone had not had in his mind's eye a dazzling picture of the beauty and prosperity that was before them in "The Land of Promise".

They waited three or four days for good winds, and while they waited they talked not always of what was before them, but of those who had gone from among them to the New World. There were some who remembered when Kenneth Mackenzie with his two sisters and his ten-year-old son, Alexander, had left Stornoway. That had been thirty-eight years before, and not a person of the Highlands but knew that "the



THE ARRIVAL OF THE SELKIRK SETTLERS AT YORK FACTORY.

From a painting by T. W. Mitchell.

lad Alexander” had crossed the continent of America by land and looked on the waters of the Pacific. They had been told that if Lord Selkirk had not read Alexander Mackenzie’s papers describing his overland journey, he might not have decided to purchase this vast tract of land for their settlement. That thought

had a crumb of comfort for those who, for all their high hopes, could not restrain the first pangs of homesickness. Coupled with it was the knowledge that many Highland men were in the fur trade in the far west. Some had brothers; some had cousins, nephews, and friends of long standing in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company.

At last the wind veered to the right direction, and they sailed. In the days that followed, Miles Macdonell told them tales of the new land to which they were going, for he had been in certain parts of the country, and those who had talked to Colin Robertson frequently repeated to each other the sentence he had said to them so often: "Some day a great empire will extend far west from the Red and the Assiniboine Rivers, and you, by your strength and perseverance, will help to build that empire."

After sixty-one days at sea the two hundred emigrants arrived at York Factory, and one of the first disappointments they were to experience in the new country awaited them. William Auld, who was in charge of York Factory, would not receive them there, and the new-comers saw at once that their arrival was looked on with disfavour by the other employees of the Hudson's Bay Company as well. Without receiving any assistance from any one, they had to set to work at once to build long log houses for themselves. The next disappointment was an especially alarming one; they had expected food supplies to be ready for them, and instead

"There was not one bag of pemmican or one other article of provision reserved", as Miles Macdonell reported later to Lord Selkirk.

The winter that followed was a bitter one. Some of the emigrants became impatient with their lot, and there was gloomy talk and dark thoughts in the pioneer camp. With the coming of the late spring they were ready for the journey to the forks of the Red River, and by the end of August, after having walked most of the way and carried their boats, for the Hayes River was too swift-flowing for them, they reached their destination—"the land at the forks of the Red and the Assiniboine Rivers", where Colin Robertson had said, "the turning of a ploughshare will yield a crop".

Hope had sunk to vanishing point during the winter, while they had been huddled in their poor cabins. It had flagged many times during the trying journey from York Factory, but when, at last, they stood on the land that was to be theirs, these pioneers had few misgivings. They entered into the formal ceremony of proclaiming their possession of the country with hearty goodwill. At the bend in the river about a mile from the Assiniboine they decided to build their first settlement. Now it is called Point Douglas and is within the city of Winnipeg.

Again winter and the need for food loomed before them like giant spectres, and most of the settlers went with Miles Macdonell to the mouth of the Pembina River. They did this because the Indians of that dis-

strict had promised to help them fish and hunt. Moreover, old Chief Peguis had said that he and his braves would bring them buffalo¹ meat enough to last them all the winter. When spring came they returned to Point Douglas, and with hoes that were their only implements, they set to work to break the soil and plant wheat. The seed shot forth fine shoots, but before the pioneers could rejoice, blackbirds and pigeons swooped down and feasted on them. What did survive this merciless onslaught, did not get a chance to ripen before the frost nipped it badly. During the summer they had lived on boiled roots, berries, and fish, and now on what were they to live? To add to their perplexity, they were expecting more settlers to join them, these latter having left Scotland in the spring of the year 1813.

The food shortage was a serious matter but not insurmountable, for the country had an abundance of meat, roots, and pemmican, of which tons were carried out each year to various fur-trading posts. But now another menace was on the horizon. While the Hudson's Bay Company employees had been cold and aloof and shown a marked unwillingness to be of any assistance to the persevering settlers, the North-West Company was very active in its ill-will to them. Before the settlers had arrived their officials tried to persuade Lord Selkirk to give up his plans. When they failed in this they set about to contribute all they could to

¹The buffaloes' winter grazing grounds were near at hand.

the discomfort of the settlers. They had two forts in the vicinity of the colony, and from them they sent out men to talk privately and threateningly to the settlers, with the result that a few deserted. Next they turned their attention on the half-breeds and tried to persuade them not to sell food to the new-comers. When Miles Macdonell outwitted them by issuing a proclamation, ordering that no food should be taken from the district, it appeared for a brief time as if the Nor'-Westers were curbed.

But this was not so. The Nor'-Westers had a wily factor at Fort Gibraltar. During the winter of 1814-15 he became the gracious host of the countryside. The pipes skirled and whiskey flowed, and the guests that were invited to join in the merry-making were the Highlanders of the Selkirk settlement. Then there were whispers, friendly ones, and oh, so generous. "Do you not like the country?" a man would be asked, and when he would shake his head sorrowfully, he would be promised free provisions and free passage home to Scotland. If he muttered something about Scotland offering him nothing better, he was promised a farm in Upper Canada. A number of the settlers became so convinced that the Nor'-Westers were their best friends that they tried to steal what stores were held for them, in order to hand them over to the Company's representatives.

While the Nor'-Westers were luring the settlers to their side, they had agents among the Métis whispering

to them, "Don't let these new-comers take the land. It is your land; do not be robbed." By the spring the Métis were scampering over the country on their horses like mad, singing war songs as they went. The settlers knew, at last, that they were going to be confronted by a terrible storm. They were forced to give up their horses and their guns, and in June Miles Macdonell surrendered to the Nor'-Westers and was himself taken prisoner to Fort William. But they were not vanquished. It is true that some sought refuge at Norway House, but a number remained in the settlement. Seed was planted in the spring of 1816 and a fair crop harvested.

How this angered the Nor'-Westers! Only a few months before, Simon McGillivray of that company had boasted, "The colony is all knocked on the head." Knocked on the head, indeed! And in their desperation the Nor'-Westers took more extreme measures than ever. They spurred on the half-breed, Cuthbert Grant, to pillage and terrorize, and in June he led his forces into open battle against the settlers and their new Governor, Robert Semple. Semple and twenty-one of his men lay dead in the field when the battle was over, and the settlers were a weary, frightened, and miserable group of people, without friends, without homes, and, alas, without hope.

Then once again hope came to them. It was like the sun breaking through thick black clouds of storm, and it came in the knowledge that Lord Selkirk himself

with a hundred Swiss soldiers was on his way to them from Montreal. Miles Macdonell had been released from prison, and he, too, was on his way to the desolate people. There was one struggle, and then another, and the forts at the mouth of the Pembina and at Point Douglas were taken from the Nor'-Westers. Once again, and for the third time, the colony was established, and this time Lord Selkirk stayed with his people for four months. He became the manager of the community, building roads, bridges, and mills. He had studied agriculture for many years, and he was able to give them much practical advice about planting and harvesting.

You have noticed that this chapter is entitled "The Land of the Silver Chief", and perhaps you have wondered why. When Lord Selkirk was on the Red River he went among the Indians, and they came to love him dearly. Their name for him was "Silver Chief". Before he left the settlement he made a treaty with them. By this treaty the Indians gave the land along the Red and the Assiniboine Rivers to the Selkirk settlers. Lord Selkirk paid his people a generous farewell before he left the colony; he told them that he did not expect them to pay him anything for the land he had allotted to them.

Although other tribulations descended upon them, the Selkirk settlers never again had to flee from their homes and their village.

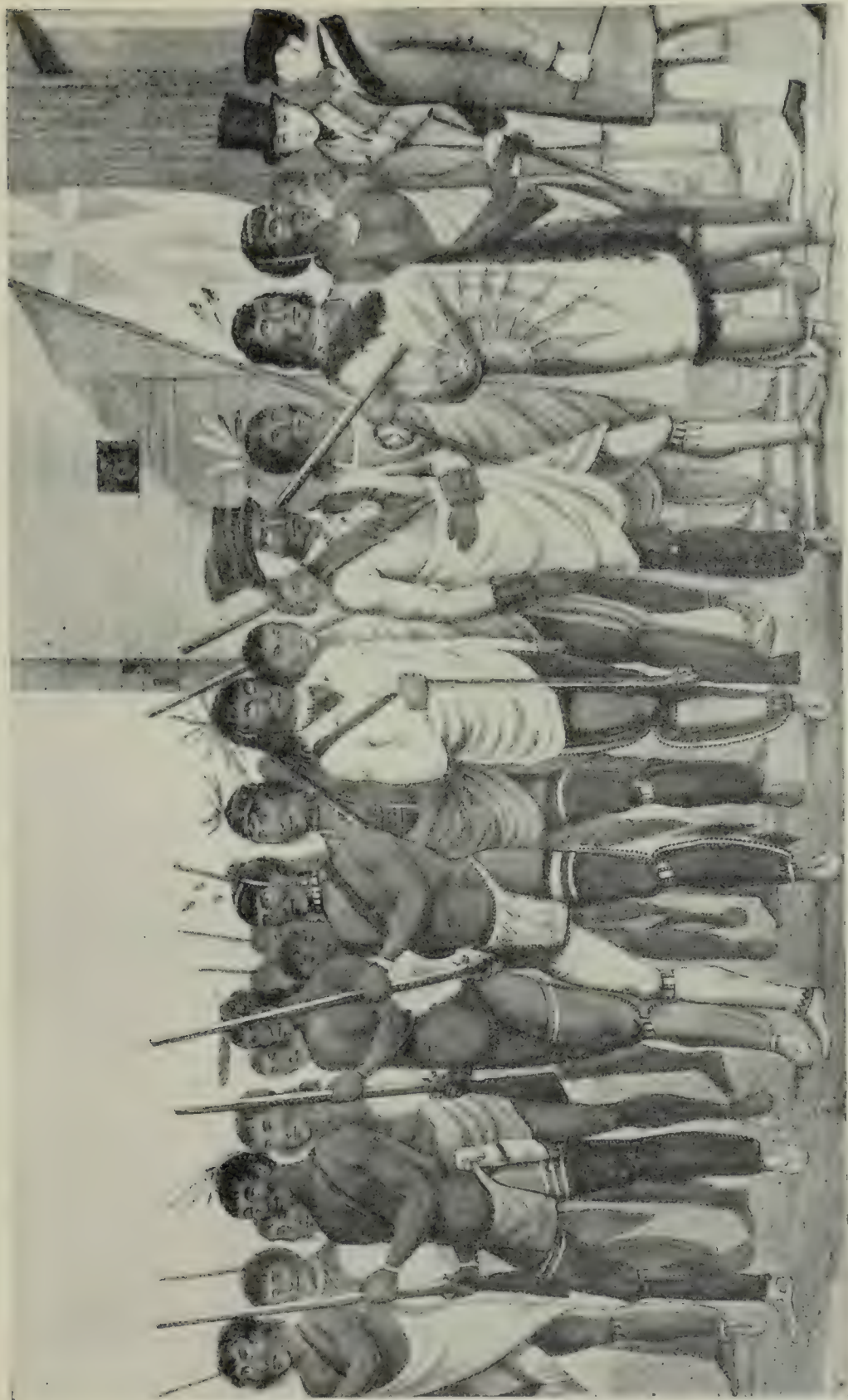
In several books there is a list of the persons who

first came to the settlement. We cannot give you the names of all of them, by any means, but here are some of the surnames—McKay, McBeth, Adams, Gunn, Matheson, Polson, McLean, Sutherland, and Isbister.

How the Colony Grew

Although it is quite true to say that the Selkirk settlers were not again forced from their homes, it should be pointed out that the statement does not mean that from that date onward good fortune smiled upon them. Far from it, indeed. In all the history of colonization there is no sadder record than that of the Selkirk settlers. They had need of all their rugged Scottish endurance. A curse seemed to be on the land. Storms and heavy frosts destroyed the crops of the year 1817, so that the people had to depend on buffalo meat for food throughout the following winter. The next year grasshoppers invaded the country. They were so thick that they looked like clouds darkening the sun. The grasshopper pestilence lasted for three years, and each year all that was saved from their greedy feasting were potatoes and barley that was gathered before it ripened.

But the people would not be defeated. When, at the end of the grasshopper invasion, there was no grain for seed, representatives of the settlement went to the Mississippi River district to buy seed. They travelled by snowshoes and returned with their cargo in flat-



RED LAKE CHIEF AND HIS FOLLOWERS ARRIVE TO VISIT THE GOVERNOR AT RED RIVER.

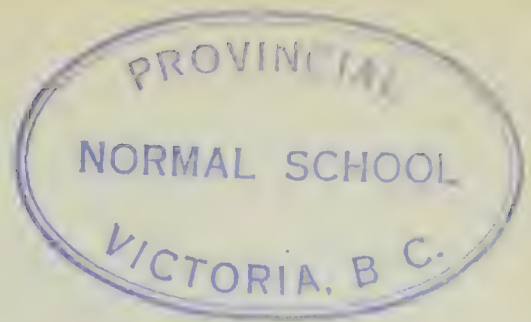
bottomed boats. Once more seed was planted; both floods and mice threatened it, but it grew to a bountiful harvest. Can you imagine the rejoicing there would be at that harvest, the first good harvest of the colony?

Frost, grasshoppers, mice, floods—nor were these all the calamities that befell the long suffering Red River settlers. No sooner had they a good crop than the intense cold of the winter of the year 1826 drove the buffalo from their usual feeding grounds. The huntsmen of the settlement were compelled to journey far across the wintry plains for their meat, and many died as a result.

For all their misfortunes, however, the settlement grew. The German-Swiss soldiers who had accompanied Lord Selkirk took up land on the east side of the Red River and named their settlement¹ St. Boniface in honour of their patron saint. During the next few years French-Swiss joined the settlement, only to grow frightened by the floods and hurry away to Minnesota. Next came the Métis. This was their native land, and they showed endurance similar to that of the Scots. Growth of the settlement was slow, but it did grow, and by the year 1860 the population of the Red River district was nearly thirteen thousand.²

¹The Scottish settlers called their settlement on the west side of the river Kildonan.

²Half of these were Métis.



CHAPTER XXIX

THE POSTAGE STAMP PROVINCE¹

It may not be necessary to explain why settlement in the west was slow. Think what effect the story of the grasshopper invasions would have on prospective emigrants in Scotland, Ireland, or Upper Canada. Coupled with it would be the amazing news that "there are people on the Red River who have not eaten bread for six years." This would be followed with direful accounts of floods, frost and feuds between the settlers and the fur-traders, and between the various factions of the settlers. It is no wonder that western settlement was in great disfavour everywhere. People came to Upper Canada, but westward they would not go.

There were two other reasons for the aversion to the West. The first one was the difficulty of getting to it. To-day if one wished to go to the west or come to the east from the west, he could choose whether he would fly, motor, or travel by ship and train, or by train. He might decide to go some distance by each method, and his journey, however he made it, need not take him any more than two or three days. And how long did it take less than a hundred years ago? That depended on many things. The journey was made by

¹So called because of its appearance on the map; now, of course, Manitoba is larger.

river-steamer, stage, and ox-cart, and delays were sometimes of weeks, for if there were heavy rains, then the roads were impassable. When Father Lacombe arrived in St. Paul on his journey to Pembina in 1849 he was told that the ox-cart from the Red River would not arrive "under two weeks, at least", and, added the priest who was his host while he was in St. Paul, "that means at least another month before you can expect to leave, for they come but twice a year, and there is much selling, buying, and merry-making to do". When at last Father Lacombe did leave St. Paul in a creaking, heavy-wheeled cart, he and the other passengers had to help the oxen on many occasions to pull the cart from deep mud.

The other reason for the west being far from popular was lawlessness. The first government of the Red River was comprised of the governor, a council of half a dozen settlers, a sheriff, who probably was a Hudson's Bay Company's trader, and a constable. As most of these men, with the exception of the governor, had other work to do, the governing was neglected. In 1834 the sixth Earl of Selkirk sold his interests in the district to the Hudson's Bay Company, and government became its responsibility. The settlement was divided into four districts, with a justice of the peace in each. A jail was built at Fort Garry, and a military force of sixty men was distributed throughout the settlement. But this was not enough. Lawlessness, particularly in smuggling of furs, continued. In 1856

over six hundred persons signed a petition asking that Canada annex the North-West. Thirteen years later, after reports had been received from a British parliamentary committee and from a committee sent into the country by the Canadian Government, the whole territory was handed over to the British Government by the Hudson's Bay Company,¹ and on December the first, 1869, the British Government turned it over to Canada. The country was now called the North-West Territories, but the government was not to be improved until after a bitter rebellion. The first lieutenant-governor instead of being welcomed with enthusiasm was met by a warning to leave the country. When he ignored the warning he was escorted across the border into Minnesota.

What was the trouble, you ask? There were many causes but the chief one was the Métis, who distrusted Canada. They knew that the Government of Canada wanted to send many Canadians into the country to farm. They had seen a Canadian surveyor "staking off" big tracts of land, presumably for himself and his friends, and they feared for their land. They had no title deeds, and so what could prevent the Canadians from taking it? Moreover, they felt that the Canadians looked down on them. They had been laughed at and sneered at, and now they were to be robbed of the land that was theirs by right of birth. They would fight; they would not be tricked out of their land. They

¹Canada paid the Hudson's Bay Company £300,000.

had a fiery and resolute leader, Louis Riel, who took possession of Fort Garry.

As this book is about Canadian settlement there is no place in it for a full account of the rebellion. All that needs to be said is that Canada, chiefly through the special agent whom she sent to the North-West, Donald A. Smith,¹ was able to win the confidence of the people of the Red River. The province of Manitoba was formed in the year 1870, and in August of that year the leader of the rebellion and some of his followers sought refuge in the United States. The people of the West, were, at last, to secure a form of government in which they could have confidence. One stumbling block to settlement was being removed.

But what of the other stumbling-block? Was it still a great barrier? The British Government had sent out the Palliser expedition in 1857 to explore the routes of travel to the west. Their report said definitely that the Lake Superior-Lake Winnipeg route by way of the old Grand Portage was too difficult for immigrants, and that the only reliable and fairly comfortable route was through the United States, by way of St. Paul. There was one serious objection to this route, despite the fact that by the seventies it had been reduced to nine days, and that was that immigrants were often persuaded, while they were on the journey, to take up land in the United States, rather than to continue their arduous travel.

¹First member of Parliament for Winnipeg, and later he became Lord Strathcona.

In order to counteract this the Canadian Government in 1873 began allotting homestead grants, frequently of quarter-sections. If a certain amount of soil was tilled and settlement duties performed, which usually meant little more than the building of a house, the immigrant would receive the deed on the payment of ten dollars. Ten years later the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway made settlement much easier, and thousands of immigrants rushed into the country.

Settlement at Portage la Prairie

You have read of Pierre La Vérendrye, who as a little boy listened with delight to the tales that the wood-runners told when they came to the fort at Three Rivers. When he was older, you know from your reading that he gave an attentive ear to the tales of an old Indian chief called Ochagoch, who told him of a lake that was in the land of the setting sun. From it a river ran far, far west, so Ochagoch said, so far west that at last it came to another beautiful lake. La Vérendrye thought this lake must be the Western Sea, and he started out to search for the lakes and river of Ochagoch's tales. He pressed west and ever westward, searching and hoping, and securing as he was commissioned to do, rich cargoes of furs for his partners in Montreal. By 1733 he had built three forts that linked the two inland lakes of Superior and Winnipeg. Two years later he built a fort on the Assiniboine River

where the city of Portage la Prairie now stands. It was from this fort that he set out on his ill-fated expedition with the Assiniboine Indians.

Now it was not to tell you the full story of La Vérendrye's explorations that these few facts have been set down, but merely to remind you that he and his sons discovered and opened up for trade a large part of Western Canada. The fort which he built on the Assiniboine River was later replaced by a Hudson's Bay Company trading-post and an Indian camp, and more than a hundred years after La Vérendrye's fort was built, the country was opened for another purpose. It was opened for settlement by a group of twelve families who had left the Red River district. They arrived in 1856, under the leadership of Archdeacon William Cochrane. Six years after their arrival two families from Upper Canada made their way to Portage la Prairie and began farming. They were the McLeans and the McBeans, eager pioneers who were not held back because of difficult travel or by fear of the Indians.

Manitoba in the Closing Year of the Nineteenth Century

Once the rebellion was over and the province of Manitoba was given firm government, it leapt into a magnificent boom. "Go West!" became a slogan in Eastern Canada and in Great Britain. "Farmhouses and cultivated fields are in sight all along the main



EMIGRANTS TRAVELLING TO THEIR NEW HOMES ON THE PRAIRIE.

They are using Red River Carts.

road for 250 miles west of Winnipeg," it was reported. The uplands and the wooded country near Pembina Mountain were surveyed into farms that were taken by people chiefly from the Maritime Provinces.

The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway brought many settlers in its wake, and in 1881, when Brandon was chosen as a site for a railway divisional point, the price of land shot up with rocket speed. One farmer refused fifty thousand dollars, so it is said, for his farm of three hundred and twenty acres.

The great empire extending far to the west was beginning to be made.

CHAPTER XXX

WESTWARD TO THE FOOTHILLS

Have you an adventurous spirit that makes you eager to seek out strange and unknown places? Do you but see a river's bend and you want to discover what is beyond it, or a hill-top and you want to mount it so that you may see what stretches from its other side? When you look far off to the distant horizon, do you in your imagination travel toward it, impatient to solve the mystery of its narrow barrier? You do? Then let us be pioneers together on Canada's North-Western plains.

The year of our adventuring as pioneers may be any one of the 1870's. We shall choose the year 1874, and on a summer's morning at dawn, we, with many others, take our places in the line of carts that is prepared for the western journey. We may choose the place of our destination, and as Prince Albert is popular at the time we decide to go there.

As the carts go creaking down the rutty street that now is Portage Avenue in the city of Winnipeg, someone sitting near us whispers that he is afraid. Afraid of what, indeed, and the answer is the Métis and the Indians and the whiskey-running pirates who have lurked on the plains for many years. But we have no such fear, for we know that the plains are now well-

guarded by a body of stalwart men. Two years before, Lieutenant William Butler journeyed nine hundred miles from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains in order to find out how best the settlers on the plains could be protected. In his report to the Canadian Government he said that a strong police force was needed, a force without misfits or failures, and "independent of any faction or party". That force is now patrolling three hundred thousand square miles of the Canadian North-West, and in the two years that they have been on duty they have won the confidence of the Indians. Just a few weeks before we set out on this pioneering expedition Chief Crowfoot, a weathered and indomitable chief of the Blackfoot Indians, said, "They are protecting us as the feather protects the bird from the frost of winter." Certainly we are not afraid. The tribesmen of the plains and their half-brothers, the Métis, may not be our friends yet, but they are friendly with our ambassadors of justice, The Royal North-West Mounted Police.

What a journey this is! Our faces burn in the sun. The mosquitoes attack us viciously. The cart, creaking incessantly, moves so slowly, and as we grow weary we think we shall never get there. But we must not become discouraged on our first day, for we have at least thirty of them before us, and more if it rains and the road becomes muddy.

Creak of cart, sharp bites of mosquitoes, pause to cook and eat a meal of fried pork and bannock, stop at

night to sleep wrapped in blankets beneath the stars—and, at last, we have come to the forest clearing that is Prince Albert. It is hard to say good-bye to the friends of our journey who are going on to Edmonton, but sad though it makes us, we cannot help being very happy that our travelling is over for awhile. Tomorrow we shall secure our farm land and choose the site for our first western home. If we had gone on to Edmonton it would have taken us at least another month to complete the journey.

This journey that we have taken in imagination was taken in reality by many hundreds of people during the 'seventies of the last century. Not all of them went to Prince Albert. Some went farther west to Battleford, Qu'Appelle, Calgary, and Edmonton. Some, of course, finished their journey in the new province of Manitoba, as did the German Mennonites who arrived in 1874 and the Icelanders who came two years later.

Most of those who went westward over the plains during this decade (1870-1880) travelled in carts drawn by horses or oxen. Each family carried their supplies with them—always extra pieces of harness, sugar, flour, salted pork, blankets, tools, a keg of nails, and boxes of dishes and pans. And no one who made the journey during that decade and for many years afterward but travelled with his heart surging with eager expectations. In the United States, people talked of the "Wild West", but in Canada the West was the



THE POSTMAN OF THE NORTH-WEST.
From a painting by Arthur Heming, O.S.A.

“Golden West”. Golden with grain or with dreams, no one could have told.

You would like to know who the first pioneers of the western plains were, and I shall try to tell you, but you might yourself get a much more interesting answer. If you live in Western Canada, then, no doubt, some “old-timers” must live near you, and they will be glad to tell you from where they came and how they came. Perhaps your own grandparents or great-grandparents are “old-timers”, and I would suggest that you ask them questions such as these: “Where did you live when you were no older than I am now?” “How old were you when you became a pioneer in the North-West?” “Please tell me what was your most exciting adventure when you were growing up in your new pioneer home?” “Were you very excited the first time you saw the scarlet-coated ‘Mounties’?” “Did you have Indian boys and girls for playmates, and sometimes did you meet a fine old chief, like Chief Crowfoot, and ask him questions about the early, early days on the plains?” You yourself will think of many questions to ask your “old-timer” neighbours or grandparents.

Many of the people who set out on the western pioneer march from Winnipeg were of the Red River settlement. The zest for new country was in their blood, and as people from the east poured into the vicinity of Kildonan quite a number of the older settlers left for untried territory. If the fathers and

mothers did not go, the sons and daughters did. It was not the lure of distant places alone that caused them to leave their now thriving farms, but the very practical reason that the country was growing westward. The Royal North-West Mounted Police had a patrol of nearly a thousand miles. They made the country safe for ranching and for farming on a big scale. Moreover, many of those who pushed westward expected not only to farm but to work part of the time at a Hudson's Bay Company's trading-post. There was money to be made in the West, and these enterprising people of the Red River were quick to grasp the opportunity that was before them, and quick to realize that when the railroad came it would bring more opportunities for money-making.

Some of the people who journeyed into what was called the "new west" came from across the American border. They came especially to the southern part of Alberta, because they wanted extensive ranch lands for their cattle. One of these ranchers was Nicholas Sheran¹ who came from Montana, and it was he who discovered the "black diamonds" of Alberta. He filled his wagon with them and drove back to Fort Benton in Montana, over two hundred miles, where he sold the first load of Alberta coal; for coal, you know, is called black diamonds. He continued doing this for four years, and only stopped it when a nearer market

¹At Lethbridge, which had its beginning through Nicholas Sheran's mine, a monument has been erected to him.

was opened up for him with the building of North-West Mounted Police posts.

Many later settlers came into the West, and particularly into what is now Saskatchewan, under the auspices of colonization companies and societies. Some of these companies, usually financed by British capital, tried to develop gigantic farms with each farm-worker being a shareholder in the enterprise. One of these farms had sixty-four thousand acres. Most of its shareholders came from Great Britain, and when the company failed, the majority of the shareholders were compelled to sell their land for what they could get for it. Another organization, called the Temperance Colonization Company, founded Saskatoon, named after the berries that grew in abundance on the land where the city was built. The railway companies were given vast tracts of land near their projected stations, and they had no difficulty in getting settlers to take up this land. "Land with a market at your door!" some of the advertisements read, and many people from Ontario and from Eastern Canada flocked to these farms. In the period between 1881 and 1886 a hundred and seventy thousand people entered the North-West. Many of these soon left for the United States, however, and during the nineties the Canadian North-West lost many of its new-comers to that country. "The tracks from Manitoba to the United States," observed a Winnipeg newspaper, "are worn bare and barren by the footprints of departing settlers." The year 1896 was

perhaps the duller year of all in immigration, for less than a thousand persons sought new homes in the Canadian North-West.

Another Rebellion

There are many reasons why settlers did not go to the North-West during the late eighties and the early nineties of the last century. One reason was that the United States, when it found that it was losing people to Canada, began making generous land grants, and these grants caused Canadian settlers "to pull up stakes" and travel south. By the year 1896 all the free grants of the United States had been taken.

There was another reason for the North-West sinking into a depression, and that was because of a rebellion. You know that Louis Riel had led a rebellion on the banks of the Red River in 1870, and that afterward he went into exile in the United States.

Fourteen years later Louis Riel was living quietly in Montana and teaching in a country school. Then one day four horsemen galloped up to the gate of his cottage garden with an invitation that caused him to forget that he was a schoolmaster. It excited him greatly, and he saw himself as a strong leader, fighting valiantly to right the wrongs of his people. On that day, no doubt, he could hear in imagination the acclaim that would ring in his ears when he would return to his native North-West and lead his people to victory against their "oppressors", for the invitation came to

him from the banks of the Saskatchewan River, and it was "to come back at once; we need you sorely." The horsemen had ridden seven hundred miles to make their request.

It is easy to picture the scene in the remote Montana cottage. A man who had been an exile is greeted by four old and trusted friends. They come to him with anger in their hearts and pitiful tales of injustice done to them. He can protect them; he alone can save them from a government that is blind and deaf to their pleas. From being happy at seeing them and flattered by their request, Riel is swept into a near-frenzy of eagerness. Of course he will go! He will be with them in a month; in less than that—in two weeks.

Then in the little parlour of the cottage the four visitors tell their leader what has been happening in the North-West. One of them says, "When we rebelled before, the Government said we should have our land, but they gave us nothing but paper. We waited until we grew discouraged, and then we went away to the Saskatchewan River."

"And now what does the Government do but follow us there," another one says. "They want to survey our land and cut up our farms so that no man will know what is his and what is not. We will not have it. We fought before. We'll fight again."

This is what alarmed the Métis. They had gone westward to the banks of the Saskatchewan River and other rivers in the district and had taken up farms that were two miles deep, and each one with a

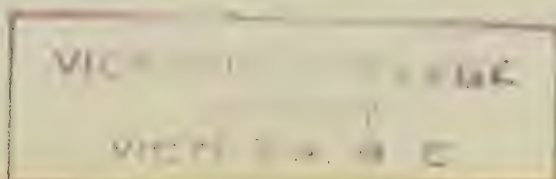
narrow frontage on a river. When the Canadian Government stepped in to survey the land, its surveyors laid out the farms in squares, and every other square mile was held for sale. When the Métis protested that they were being robbed of their land, the Government officials told them they could buy it for two dollars an acre. Buy their own land! Naturally the Métis were filled with wrath.

There was another reason for their burning indignation. While the Government in Ottawa ignored their protests, even though their cause was championed by the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories and by the Archbishop, it was showing the greatest generosity to the full-blooded Indians. They were given land, cattle, seed, and farm implements. Little wonder the Métis were ready to fight, and little wonder that Louis Riel returned to them fired with magnificent zeal!

The battles that followed were among the most brutal that have been fought on Canadian soil. Riel had the fiercest of the Indian braves on his side, and when he was captured and his force vanquished finally, one of them called Wandering Spirit was sentenced to die with him.

After the Rebellion

The rebellion was over, and a new order came to the North-West Territories. It came slowly, for people were distrustful of a land in which rebellion had broken out twice in less than twenty years. The Government



in Ottawa had learned a lesson, however, and it made changes in its plans so that its colonization programme would be acceptable to the people. One grievance that the Métis had had was that land was being given to the railway companies. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier became Premier of Canada it was decided to replace their land grants by cash subsidies and guaranteed bonds. It was decided, too, that the Government of Canada should embark on a very active scheme of colonization, which means that it was to let people outside Western Canada know about the country.

You have been told that near the close of the last century the United States had given away all its free lands. In one state at least this caused farms to soar to the amazing price for those days of sixty dollars an acre. It was an impossible price, and young men who wanted to start farming could not pay it. Where could they go? To Canada, to be sure, and from the bureau the Canadian Government had opened in a town near them, they could get the information they needed and even make arrangements for going to their new farms. Only a few years before, people had been pouring out of the North-West. Now they were rushing into the country. They arrived in train loads, some on excursions from the western states of the United States, for the Canadian Government had included excursions and advertisements as well as information bureaus in its programme of land settlement, and some came in the first instance to stay. The

new settlers came not only in trains; they trundled in by wagon and caravan, and some came on foot, driving their cattle before them. When the last decade of the nineteenth century ended, it was found that two hundred thousand people had settled in the North-West. What a bustling, rushing, busy time it must have been, for the vast majority of these people came in the last three years of the century.¹

The doors of the United States had closed to those who came seeking free land. The news brought disappointment to many peasants in south-eastern Europe. Many of their neighbours and relatives had gone to the United States, and they had been planning to go to them. Now "the Land of Promise" would not receive them, but no sooner had they heard of one door being closed than they learned that another was being opened for them. They came from Ruthenia and Poland and Galicia and Ukrania. They came by the ship-load, wearing sheepskin jackets, carrying great packs of household treasures, and knowing no words of English but "farm", "land", "Canada", and "North-West". They came, eager for land and ready to work on it once they had secured it.

The Ruthenians who came in 1894 settled near Edmonton, and soon the whole vast prairie² was sprinkled with Germans, Magyars, Bohemians, and other peoples.

¹A few pages before you read that less than one thousand people came in the year 1896.

²They settled as a rule near the railway line, or where railway lines were to be made.

from southern and central Europe. The Doukhobors arrived in 1899 and settled on a tract of land in central Saskatchewan.

A great wave of emigration swept over the world at the beginning of this century, and came to rest in the Canadian North-West. Englishmen returning home from the Boer War left their homes in England to seek prosperity in Western Canada. Canadians themselves were caught up in the rush and left their homes in the east to join the throngs that were speeding westward. "Emigration was no longer the last resort of the hopeless, but the means of achievement to the hopeful."

Saskatchewan and Alberta were made into provinces in 1905. There was rejoicing throughout Canada on that occasion, but most particularly in Regina and Edmonton, for they were proclaimed the capitals of the new provinces. Regina that had but a few years before been a tiny fort with a Royal North-West Mounted Police Barracks in it, was now the busy capital of an exceedingly busy province. And Edmonton—hardly twenty years before it took nearly two months to go there from Fort Garry—and now it could be reached easily in four days.

The great surging tide of emigration continued to flow to Western Canada until the outbreak of the war in 1914. The population of the three provinces at that time totalled more than a million and a quarter.

CHAPTER XXXI

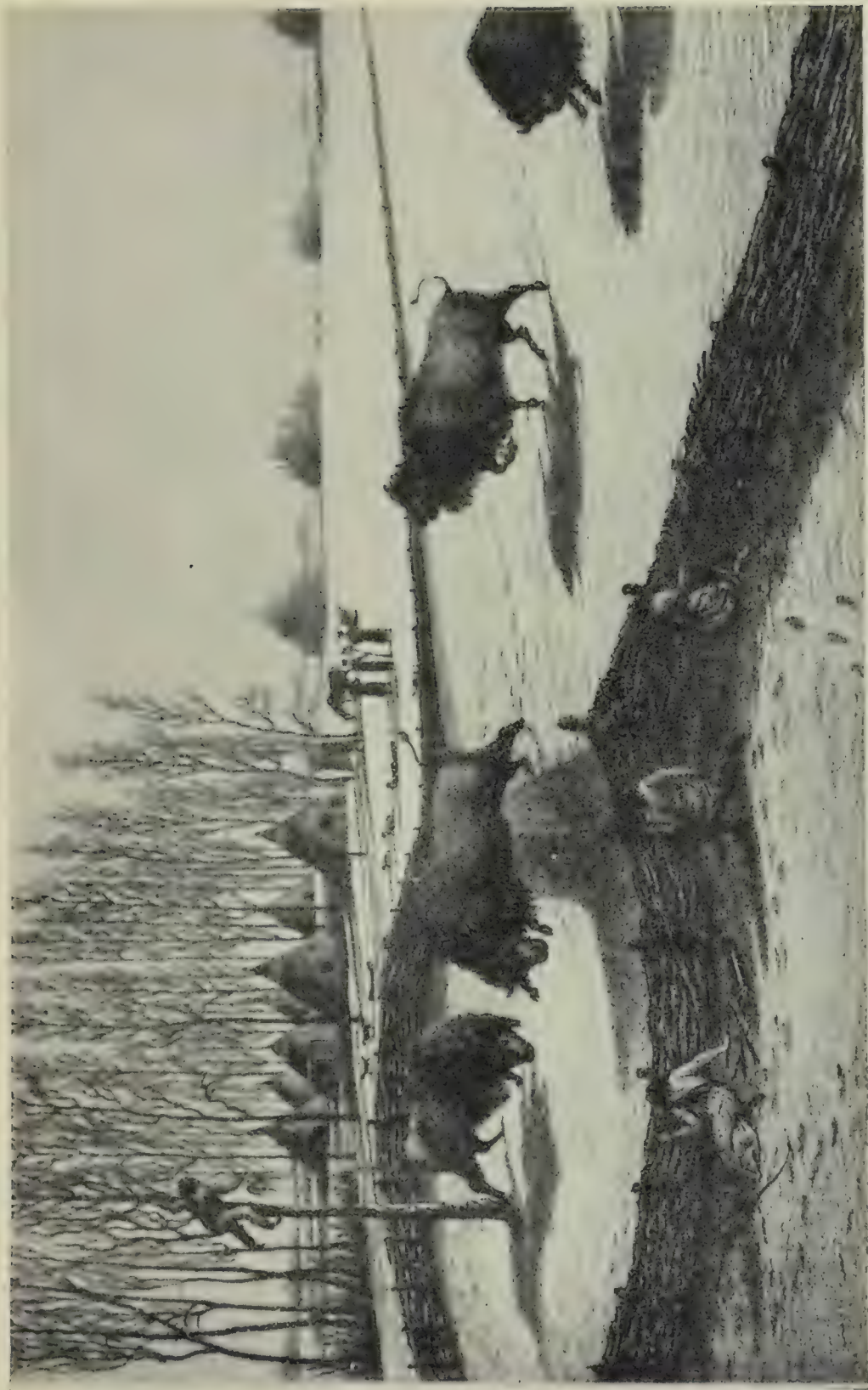
BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

Here I shall set down the scenes for a play showing the arrival of the first white men on the Pacific coast of Canada. The play itself you will probably be able to write, for most of the persons who are actors you have met in your reading about explorers. There is Captain Cook, for instance, who first came to Canada with General Wolfe and helped him win his victory at the Plains of Abraham. Now he has come for a very different reason; the British Government has sent him out to search for the North-West Passage to the Orient. There is George Vancouver, who first sailed the seas as a midshipman under Captain Cook, and later returned to the Pacific coast, sent by the British Government to receive from the Spaniards that property, which by the Treaty of Nootka¹ they had promised to give to the British. There is Alexander Mackenzie, who had found being an office boy very tedious and left it to become a fur-trader and explorer. Simon Fraser, too, we must not forget. You probably know that he was a United Empire Loyalist who came to the first United Empire Loyalist settlement in Upper Canada with his widowed mother and his brother.

¹The Spanish had claimed the land in the name of their king and refused to recognize the British claim for several years.

Not all the great names of those first days in New Caledonia can be in the play. Some of them are so closely associated with people finding new homes in this land of mighty trees, rushing waters, towering mountains, that they will be in the narrative that follows. And some of the names, alas, of people who were truly great, for they battled valiantly against foes and privations in order to build homes for themselves and their children in the new country, have not been recorded.

FIRST SCENE. The background for our first scene is a magnificent spectacle of tall trees clothing a mountain side, and of mountains rising far above the trees to slender minarets of snow-covered rocks. The trees look gloomy as if they harboured danger within their forest depths. The mountain peaks have such a sparkling whiteness that they appear to be set with jewels. The time is an April day of the year 1778, and two ships bearing the names of *Resolution* and *Discovery* have entered a sheltered cove that is bordered by land, which the seamen think is the mainland of North America. We know that it was the shore of what is now Vancouver Island, and that the smooth waters were those of Nootka Sound. The air is soft and fragrant, and as no sound but that of their oars disturbs the silence, the new-comers think they have discovered a land of rugged beauty where no man lives. But even as the sailors and their leader gather on the



A BUFFALO POUND.

decks they see a little flotilla of canoes come from the shores to greet them. A man dressed in garments made of woven strips of wood and trimmed with furs stands up in his boat and makes a long speech of welcome. The white men who have come are Captain James Cook and his crew.

(Captain Cook made friends with the Indians, and he traded hatchets, saws, knives, and iron hoops with them for furs. He lived on their island for nearly a month.)

SECOND SCENE. A few years later, and two ships pause to greet each other near the Strait of Juan de Fuca. One ship is British with Captain George Vancouver on board. The other one is American with Captain Gray on board. The latter ship is homeward bound; the other one sails up the strait, and as it does so one seaman and another exclaims at the beauty of a mountain peak¹ that seems to lose itself in the mists of the sky. The ship moves on to new waters and enters the Gulf of Georgia, so named by the leader in honour of the king of England. Indians come to look at them curiously, amazed at their white hands and faces. The scene changes slightly, for the ship comes to rest at a point of the mainland which they call Point Grey. Here, later, they meet two Spanish ships.

¹Mount Baker, so named by Vancouver after the man who first saw it.

(When you write your play you may want to include in it the famous meeting of the English Captain Vancouver and the Spanish Captain Quadra, who saluted each other with thirteen shots from their guns.)

THIRD SCENE. A party of men are standing on the shores of the Pacific Ocean at a place that is now called Elcho Harbour in British Columbia. The sea is blowing a sharp, salty breeze, and the men all look happy as they stand there reading something that their leader has just written. These are the words: "*Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, One thousand seven hundred and ninety-three.*" Thrilling words, are they not, and as you consider the mountains that are in the far background of the scene, you are amazed at the fearlessness of these men. The scene changes somewhat, and the men are walking along a bush-trail when a crowd of angry Indians, shouting and waving daggers, leap at them from the tangled shrubs. The Indians look at Mackenzie, but when they see that he does not cower before them, they themselves are awe-struck and slip away one by one into the forest.

(Alexander Mackenzie was a fur-trader as well as an explorer. The country he had traversed pleased him greatly for one particular reason: it was excellent fur country. He would have a trading-post built, and every year take out a rich cargo.)

FOURTH SCENE. Mackenzie resolved to have a fort built west of the Rockies, and the work of doing it was entrusted to Simon Fraser. In this scene we see him and his men on the shores of a swiftly moving river. Frail conoes lie at their feet, and we know that these brave men have shot rapids in them. They are at the mouth of the river, and the time is the year 1808. The river is to be called the Fraser River, and if we could move our scene forward a few months we would see a trading-post on it, and if we could move it forward several years we would see many trading-posts on it, some flying above them the ensign of the North-West Company and others the flag of the Hudson's Bay Company.

(When you write this part of your play you should, I think, bear in mind that Simon Fraser, in tracing this mighty river of whirlpools and rapids to its outlet, the Pacific, discovered the great trade route of the West, and in doing so he had an important part in opening the West for civilization and nation-building.)

Our scenes are over. In them you have had sketchy pictures of the exploring enterprises that preceded the opening up of the land west of the mountains. It became a great fur-trading country, and in less than three years after Simon Fraser completed his expedition the two great fur-trading companies of Canada



JOHN JACOB ASTOR'S TRADING-POST CALLED ASTORIA, BUILT ON
THE BANKS OF THE COLUMBIA, 1811.

were established there in bitter rivalry with each other and with the companies that had entered the country from the United States.¹

No account of the building of British Columbia trading-posts, no matter how brief, could be written without mention being made of a keen-eyed Welshman named David Thompson. He was a friend of Simon Fraser's and built a post on Lake Windermere,² in the country of the Piegan Indians. The Indians were unfriendly. They not only looked dour, but they made dark threats, and when Thompson could stand their

¹John Jacob Astor built the first American post on the Columbia River in 1811.

²A monument was erected to him there in 1926.

glowering ill-will no longer he said to them, "I know you are spies, but if you attack us many of you will die before you succeed." His boldly-spoken words had a surprising effect on the Indians. Marvelling at him, they said to one another, "This man has many eyes. He sees our very thoughts. Our women could not mend a shoe without his seeing us." They thought Thompson had detected their plans by the use of his telescope, and they decided that it would be wise to be friendly with this strangely gifted man. Not all the white traders who came to New Caledonia, however, had the same power to command their friendship, and the resentment of the Indians was one of the bitterest enemies against which the fur companies had to contend.

Another menace that glared at the traders threateningly was that of food shortage. They were a long way from the sources of supply, and no one wanted to start out on the perilous journey in the midst of the fur season. Two men who took a prominent part in the fur-trade business for the first decade in New Caledonia were Stuart and Harmon, and in the latter's diary there is an account of their first efforts to remove the ever-present fear of starvation. They decided to cultivate the land in the vicinity of their fort. "Some vegetables are grown around the fort; potatoes, turnips, onions, parsnips, carrots, beets, barley, all are successfully raised. Corn they try to grow but they find the climate too cold. The Indians cannot be induced to cultivate the land or grow crops."

The plan of farming was put into practice by many factors.¹ It led to the first call for settlers in the country, and one fort, at least, Fort Vancouver, was erected on its particular site because Dr. McLoughlin of the Hudson's Bay Company was satisfied with the quality of the soil. Perhaps you would like to have a description of this first big British Columbia farm. It had three thousand acres "fenced into fields such as would grace the estates in Old England, with dairies and cottages for the herdsmen and shepherds. . . . In the same year (1836) eight thousand bushels of oats, nine thousand bushels of peas, fourteen thousand bushels of potatoes, . . . etc., were grown." The farm was well-stocked with cattle, pigs and sheep, and the fruit trees bore splendid crops.

Another farm was laid out at Fort Langley at about the same time, and farmers with their families were brought in to do the work. Here they had an added source of income from the salmon fisheries.

These two large farms on the mainland of what is now British Columbia proved to be excellent commercial ventures. The crops grown on them not only supplied many of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading-posts and ships, but also a generous surplus that was used in trade with the Russians who were settled in Alaska.

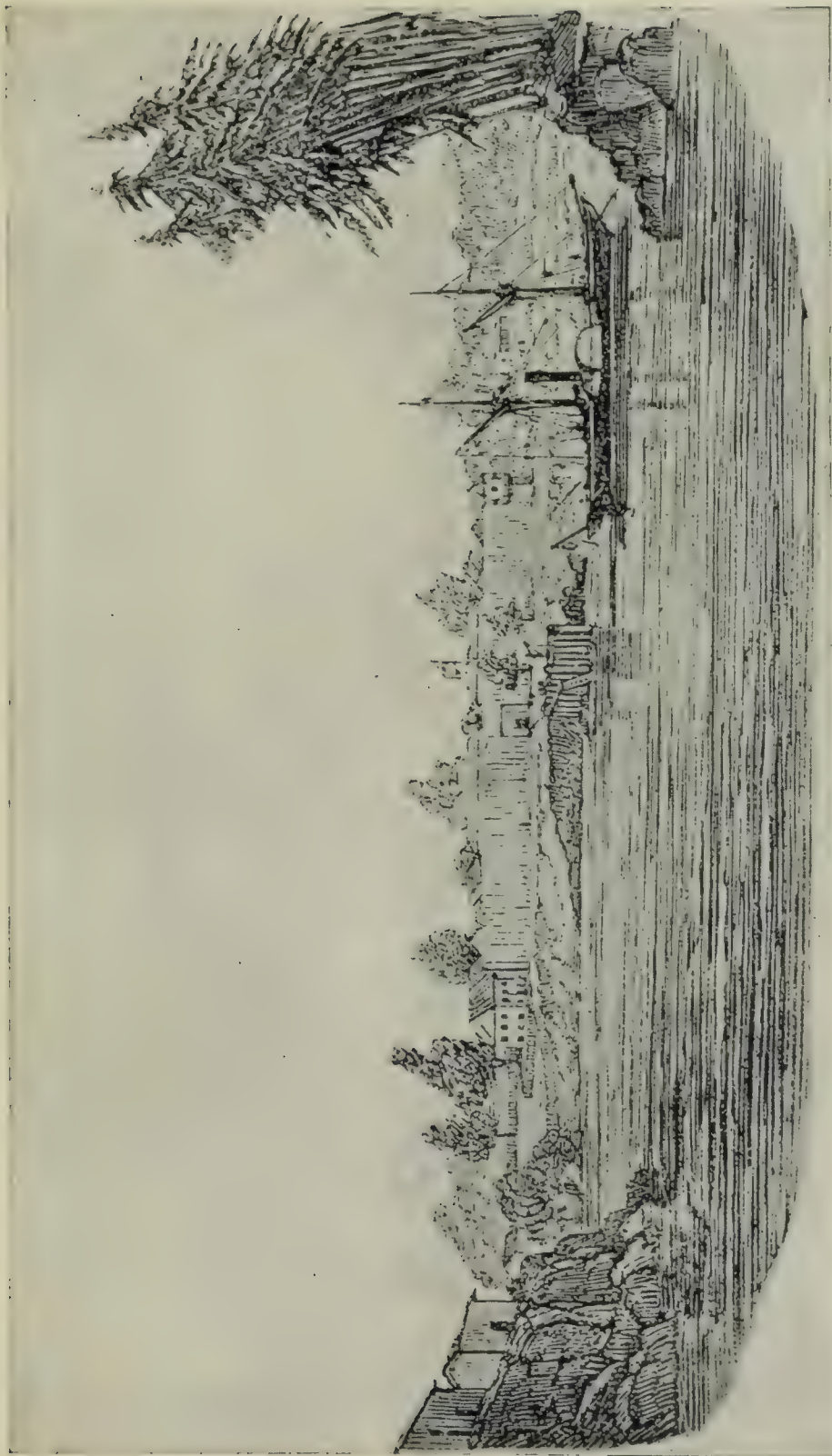
¹Factor was the name given to the man in charge of a trading-post.

Development on Vancouver Island

About fifty years after Captain Vancouver bade farewell to the Spanish Captain Quadra at Nootka Sound, James Douglas went to the island to choose a site for a fort. Let us in imagination make the journey with him from Puget Sound on the little schooner *Cadboro*. The waters that we pass through are dark blue and shadowed darker by the reflections of the many tree-clad islands that rise from them. They are rugged islands, but some have gentle shores that slope gracefully to the sea. We cruise southward and come to the southern shore of a large island that bears the name of Vancouver. The oak trees are like stern, unbending sentinels. The beach has a silvery gleam in the sun, and the quiet that is broken only by the soothing, unruffled lap of the sea is like a hush. Has a sudden spell of stillness been put upon the land, we wonder? Are men hiding behind those trees, and will they spring out in a moment, shouting angry or joyous salutes?

But no man comes to greet us or assail us, and we go ashore with James Douglas. We can tell that he is pleased with all that his eyes behold. The sea, the beach, the trees, the splendid hills beyond—and we are not surprised when he exclaims, “Here we shall build our post, and we shall call it Fort Victoria in honour of our young Queen.”

So Fort Victoria was built in 1843, and as the men



FORT VICTORIA THE YEAR OF ITS FOUNDING, 1843.

brought over in the new steamship *Beaver* from the mainland worked at the pallisades, the Songhee Indians looked on and marvelled at their skill. In three months the fort was built, and the trader who was in charge, Roderick Finlayson, began to lay out a farm. Soon it was not one farm but three that he was making. One of them was a dairy farm, and cattle were brought from the mainland.

Farming went ahead with such strides on Vancouver Island that the Hudson's Bay Company feared that its main commercial interest, furs, would be overshadowed. For that reason it put the bringing of settlers to the island into the hands of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company. In a few years, more than two hundred white people had settled on the island. At this time the Hudson's Bay Company gave the agricultural company the responsibility of bringing out settlers to the mainland farming districts as well.

More Settlers Arrive

The first settlers to come to Vancouver Island came chiefly from Great Britain. At that time there was a great deal of interest in this new and far distant colony of which so little had been heard since Vancouver took it over from Quadra. Now, too, a fair amount of British capital was spent in establishing these settlers on farms. No sooner were they in the country, however, than they raised a storm of protest,

and rightly, too. They had been told that their farms would be near Fort Victoria and that the land would be priced reasonably. When they arrived they found that most of the land near Fort Victoria had been bought by Hudson's Bay Company officials and that what was left for them was far from the island's one certain market, the fort, and on the edge of the Indian country. Moreover, the figure that was being asked for it was ridiculously high. They were disappointed, but almost at once they forgot their disappointment, for suddenly the whole of British Columbia was plunged into a whirl of excitement.

Gold! Gold!

One day in the year 1849 a crew of red-shirted men, looking like pirates, came to anchor in the harbour of Fort Victoria. They had come to buy supplies that they needed urgently—iron pots, sea boots, blankets, and baize—and they paid for them with gold nuggets. When Roderick Finlayson showed surprise they exclaimed, "Gold, why, of course, we pay in gold. Don't you know that gold has been discovered in California?" The islanders had not known it, but once the news was noised abroad, both on the island and the mainland, every settler who was discontented set out in the rush for gold, and for the next few years farms had no attraction for new-comers. Governor Douglas soon realized that this was a serious loss, and in one

report he expressed his regret by saying that British Columbia¹ sorely needed "that highly important element of the population, the farming class".

More Gold

Gold! The word seemed to rise from the shores of the rivers of British Columbia to the very mountaintops. It reverberated through the country like a call to arms. Men dropped their hoes, plough-handles, or trapper's knives and ran to welcome its alluring promise. The first reports came from the Fraser River, near a little place that is now called Hope, and from the Thompson River, and soon reports were pouring in from a wide area—Gold has been found! Gold has been found! People were rushing like mad in the race for wealth. They came on foot, on horseback, in wagons, and in steamers from San Francisco. Thirty thousand people had come in a few months. Stores and houses sprang up over night, but food, alas, did not. Something had to be done to induce people to stay on their farms and to persuade others to take up land.

With the tumultuous influx of people into the country not only was food needed, but so were roads, and so was the maintenance of law and justice. The

¹Up until this time British Columbia had been governed by the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1858 the British Government began to govern the colony and gave James Douglas the governorship. He was to have a representative council.

British Government sent out Royal Engineers to survey the land, build roads and help in keeping order. New Westminster was chosen to be the capital and so named by Queen Victoria, and trails were blazed into the Cariboo country. It was no narrow forest pathway that these men, assisted by the eager miners, built. They made a road that six-horse stage coaches could drive over, and within a year a steady stream of coaches, heavy wagons, and pack trains hurried along it, pausing for dinner or for a night's sleep at "One Hundred and Fifty Mile House" or at "Seventy-Mile House". Not all the gold-seekers travelled in stage-coach luxury; many trudged over the new road on foot, carrying mountainous packs on their backs.

Still the problem of food persisted. Champagne could flow in the country, it was said, but milk could not, and the Royal Engineers, once the road from Barkerville to Yale was completed, set about laying out farms, and when they were disbanded many of them took up the hundred-and-sixty-acre farms that were offered them. They paid ten shillings an acre for their land.

Farming When Gold Fails

Gradually the enthusiastic miners began to realize that their dreams were not likely to come true. Only a few of them had the good fortune of "Cariboo" Cameron who made a hundred and fifty thousand dol-

lars in three months. As the hope of "striking it rich" died in their hearts, these men turned to consider the country. While the "gold fever" was upon them they had seen nothing but their claims. Now they beheld a beautiful land, with streams well-stocked with fish, with forests rich in timber. The crops that had been grown had given proof that the soil was fertile. What better could they do than take up land? Although about twenty thousand of those who rushed into the country, lured by gold, left it again within ten years of their arrival, about six thousand remained, the majority of them to become farmers.

The first farms on the mainland were taken on the shores of the lower part of the Fraser River, but soon the Okanagan Valley was laid out in farms, too, and orchards of apple, peach, and cherry were set out. It was natural that this land should be used early for farming, for the gold trail from California and Oregon had been through it.

Although the wild enthusiasm of the gold rush had waned, it was replaced by almost exuberant confidence in the country. Few settlers were content with mere quarter-sections of land. They wanted big farms that could be used as ranches. There was Tom Ellis, for instance, who secured thirty-one thousand acres, and stocked it well with cattle which he drove in from Oregon. Mr. Ellis, by the way, planted the first orchard in the Okanagan Valley. Horse ranching was as popular as cattle-ranching, and one man, at least,

drove four hundred horses from Mexico to the Okanagan.

Farming on Vancouver Island

Vancouver Island had been caught up in the first gold rush of the Pacific coast, that in California, with the result that when the next one came, the settlers, many of whom had had bitter disappointment, were not eager to abandon their certain means of earning a livelihood. For this reason, farming on the island progressed steadily. Another reason for its growth was that through all the turbulent days of "get rich quick", the Hudson's Bay factors kept their farms going. Governor James Douglas and Robert Finlayson both had fine farms on the island. Even while people were pouring into the mainland to mine, settlers came from England to farms on Vancouver Island. One little party of twenty-four families came under the leadership of Kenneth Mackenzie, and the land they took was in the districts where now are the towns of Port Alberni, Comox, and Duncan.

The Coming of the Railway

"I believe that many in this room will live to hear the whistle of the steam-engine in the passes of the Rocky Mountains and to make the journey from Halifax to the Pacific." These words were spoken by the great statesman of Nova Scotia, Joseph Howe, in the year 1851.

Prophetic words, were they not? And remarkable too, when one bears in mind that at that time no gold rush had drawn the attention of the world to British Columbia. Not many settlers had come into the country, and certainly few people east of the mountains could have heard of the great fertility of the soil. Nevertheless the words were said with fervour and conviction, and less than eight years afterward Captain Palliser was in the mountains investigating the possibilities of building a transcontinental railway over British territory. He had been sent by the British Government to whom he made a report that was far from encouraging. But the project was a tantalizing one; it could not be forgotten.

Do you think you could write a play on the building of the first railway across Canada? It would be brimming with excitement. You might call it "After the Pathfinders Came the Path-Makers", and in it you would have many heroes. There would be Walter Moberley, for instance, enduring great hardships, having many escapes from danger, and at last finding a mountain pass for the road; Major Rogers would be another; Sir William Van Horne, another, and in the background a mighty army of workers,—Slavs, Mongolians, Anglo-Saxons, Latins, Teutons—gathered from the far corners of the earth, chopping, dynamiting, digging, pounding a road-bed for the bands of steel. The final scene of your play might be a November's day in the year 1885. The setting would

be the narrow Eagle Pass of the Gold Mountains. The occasion would be the joining of the steel that has been laid eastward from Vancouver with that which has been laid westward. It is a great day in the history of the fourteen-year-old province of British Columbia, for the last spike is to be driven in the railroad. Donald Smith will drive that spike, and as he does so will shout "Stand Fast, Craigellachie."¹

Your play is ended, but look what we have before us. A train comes puffing into the station of the very busy little city of Vancouver, and throngs of people step from its carriages. Their faces are beaming, for, at last, they have reached their "land of promise". They have travelled across an ocean and a continent, and now within the next few days they will join their fellow-countrymen in the broad, fertile valley of the Chilliwack and Huntingdon districts. They will soon have herds of dairy cattle, fine orchards, and beautiful gardens, and as their prosperity grows they will build themselves spacious farm-homes, and the tale of their hospitality will be told in many parts of Canada.

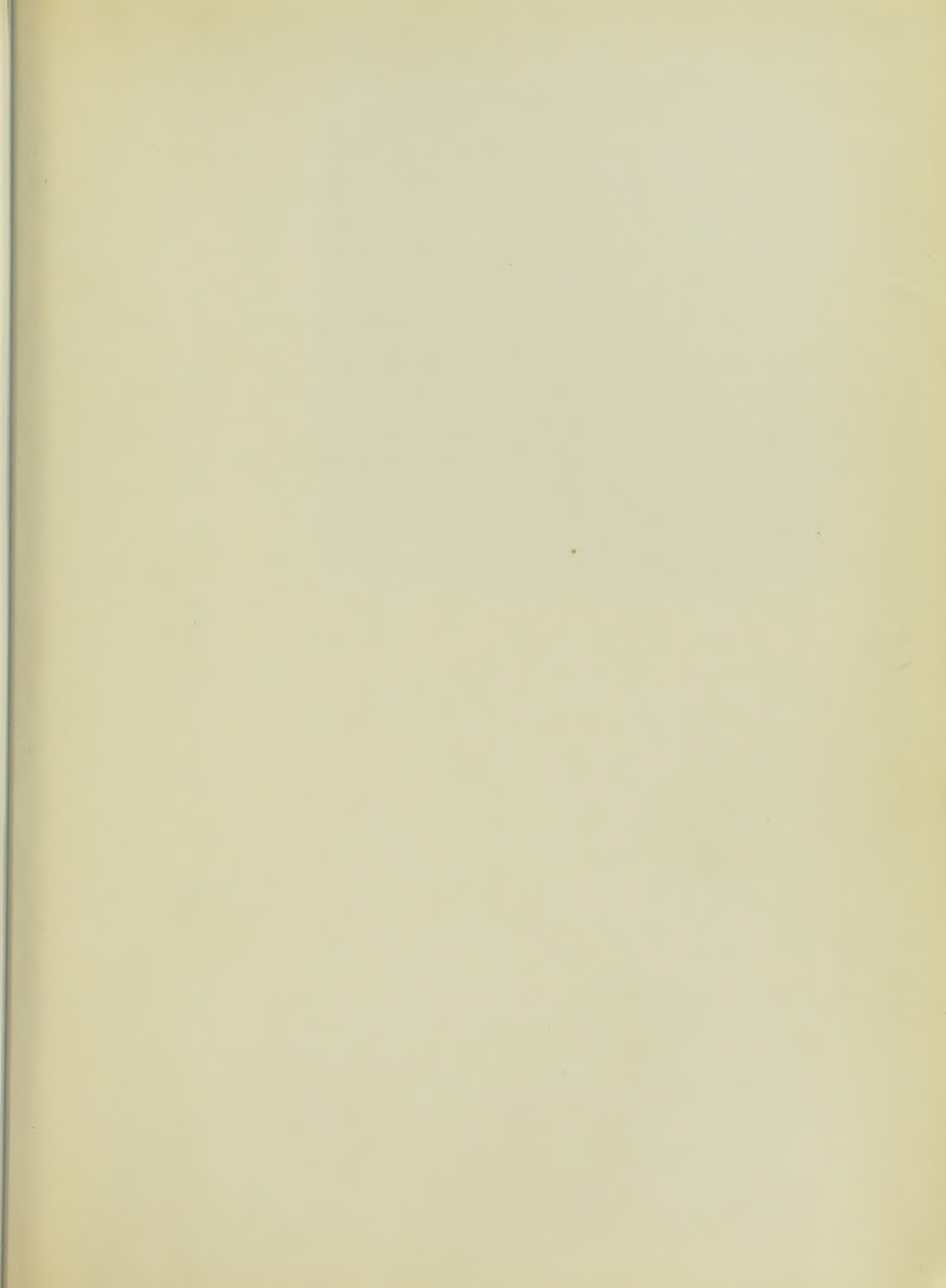
Then, see—another train comes, and still another and another, a never-ending procession of them, and on board are people from the north of England, from the Maritime Provinces, from Ontario, from many and far distant parts of the world, in fact, and they have come to find farms and ranches in the Kootenay Lake district, in the Okanagan Valley, and on Vancouver

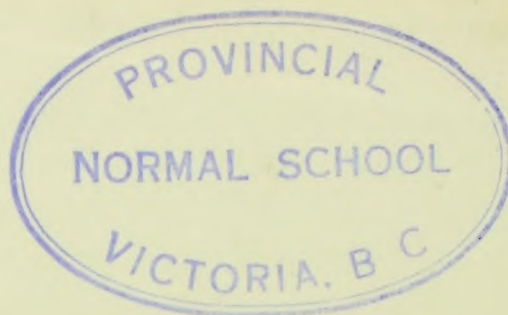
¹An old Highland battle cry.

Island. A few years later, and they come to search out new homes on the shores of the Upper Fraser River, the Skeena, and the Nechako. A few years later, and they are going to the shores of the Peace River.

When British Columbia became a province of the Dominion in the year 1871, there were no more than eleven thousand white people settled there. In less than thirty years later the population had increased to nearly two hundred thousand, and now it has well over one half a million. Its growth has been steady, and its people have found many opportunities for work—many varieties of farming, fur trading, lumbering, fishing, and mining. As it is a gateway to the Orient many persons are occupied in the business of shipping.

Truly, oh very truly, a vast empire has grown to the west, and it is still growing.





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